March 1965

NAMRATĀ

The Problem of Freedom

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Heidegger and Others

ALEXANDER F. SKUTCH

The Message of Beauty: I

B. C. LAW

Some Thoughts on the Buddhist "Dhammapada"

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as does the Evening Star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

— The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXVI MARCH 1965 No. 3

THE PROBLEM OF FREEDOM

OUR VOICE is raised for spiritual freedom, and our plea made for enfranchisement from all tyranny, whether of SCIENCE or THEOLOGY.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

The outward freedom that we shall attain will only be in exact proportion to the inward freedom to which we may have grown at a given moment. And if this is the correct view of freedom, our chief energy must be concentrated upon achieving reform from within.

—GANDHIJI

Thy Soul cannot be hurt but through thy erring body; control and master both, and thou art safe when crossing to the nearing "Gate of Balance."

—The Voice of the Silence

WHILE concepts of freedom are many and varied, the ideal of freedom itself is one which awakens a response in every human being. Such a universal innate response, however instinctive or unconscious, points to the fundamental fact that true freedom is the birthright of man. The history of humanity records the struggle for freedom, political and economic, social and religious, of nations and communities, groups and individuals. The most shameful and tragic pages of history are those that depict acts of tyranny and oppression, of persecution and enslavement, of man's inhumanity to man. These invariably give rise to opposition and to rebellion too often marred in turn by vindictive retaliation, violence, and human slaughter. But one thing is certain: the conscience of mankind cannot be silenced for long and human thought will ever struggle to be free, for freedom is man's undeniable birthright.

That this is so is recognized today and such a recognition should be a source of encouragement and inspiration to all who believe in the principle of freedom.

"All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood!" Thus proclaims the Universal Declaration of Human Rights in Article 1. This Declaration, adopted at the General Assembly of the United Nations on 10 December 1948, is a most significant landmark in the progress of mankind. Based on "the recognition of the inherent dignity of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family," it sets forth the fundamental freedoms of every individual. It acknowledges the relationship of freedom to both justice and peace. The peace of the world rests on the securing for all its citizens of justice and the fundamental freedoms — freedom of speech and belief and freedom from fear and want. These fundamental rights are explained specifically in the Articles of the Declaration. Thus, for example, Article 18 states: "Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion. . . ."

The implementation of this Declaration will indeed pave the way to the realization of the dream and aspiration of all men of good will, that of one humanity living in peace in one world.

To the fulfilment of this great and noble ideal each man, each woman, must contribute. The Declaration itself calls upon each one "to act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood." This means that the individual himself must accept the fact that all men are brothers, that mankind is one, and endeavour to guide his own daily conduct on that basis. What makes man violate the laws of brotherhood?

This leads us to consider another aspect of our problem and raises questions pertaining to philosophy. What is freedom? Who is a free man? Too often freedom for the individual has been misinterpreted as the right to do "as he likes." Has any one such a right?

Beyond the multiplicity of the different concepts of freedom and the varied fields in which freedom is sought there lies the archetype of freedom itself. Archetypes belong to the sphere of the Eternal; types, to the world of conditioned existence. Archetypes are permanent and everlasting. Types are changing and impermanent. Man's quest for freedom, whether political, social or economic, reflects a deeper search — the search for the ultimate freedom, that of the Spirit, alone eternal and immutable. Man, ignorant of his true nature, often mistakes the shadow for the substance and runs after an illusive freedom, merely external. Mere outward freedom does not liberate, but only strengthens man's inner bondage. Thus he goes from form to form until he learns to recognize that external freedom must be rooted in internal freedom, that no man is truly free who has not attained freedom within. True freedom is essentially an inner state of consciousness.

The life of man is a series of paradoxes and none is perhaps as striking as the one behind the concept of freedom.

Great is the complexity of human nature. In every man dwell contrary tendencies for ever opposing each other, pulling in contrary directions. This results in a conflict within which rages incessantly and must last until man, becoming aware of his larger SELF, gives supremacy to that SELF, making all other interests and desires subservient to It. The Self of Matter and the SELF of Spirit cannot meet. One of the twain must disappear. There is no place for both.

All spiritual traditions point to this central fact and call man to the establishing of peace and harmony within himself. A man or a woman who is suffering discord and conflict within is bound to reflect these in his relationships with others and thereby to sow the seeds of misunderstanding and of dissent leading to strife and hostility.

The Declaration names "freedom from fear" as one of the fundamental freedoms, but whence the root of fear? Says Lord Buddha: "From indulgence arises grief; from indulgence arises fear. There is no grief for one who is free from indulgence. Whence, then, can there come fear?" (*Dhammapada*, Ch. XVI, ver. 214).

Similarly, selfish desires and impure cravings lead to grief and are the cause of fear. Only the fearless man is the free man and he is free from fear in the measure of his subdual of his lower self.

To quote Lord Buddha again:

> Craving grows in a disturbed mind, also when passions flourish, and when yearnings for the pleasant arise. Thus fetters grow strong.
>
> He who delights in quieting his disturbed mind and becomes mindful of the pleasant but undesirable nature of craving, he will certainly remove, nay destroy, the bondage of Mara. (*Dhammapada*, XXIV. 16, 17)

The cause of bondage lies in ignorance, ignorance of our Spiritual Nature. The way to freedom lies in the realization of the Higher Self. That inward freedom reaches beyond mere political freedom and transcends political contests. Political and social forms come and go, but the knowledge which confers liberation upon the human Soul is hidden from dynastic or economic organization. It arises in the Soul who, at last aware of the reality of its Divine Parent, the Spirit, begins to long for final liberation. Such knowledge brings detachment and the strength to control and conquer the inclinations of the senses and the cravings of the separative self. The fetters which bind the Soul are the appetites and desires rooted in *ahaṃkāra* or egotism.

Man is "the weaver of his freedom" and the fabric of freedom is woven with the thread of unselfishness and dispassion.

The chain which keeps the Soul in bondage is the triple one of the world, of the flesh, and of orthodox tradition.

Says Śaṅkara in *Viveka-Cūḍamaṇi*:

> When a man follows the way of the world, or the way of the flesh, or the way of tradition, knowledge of Reality cannot arise in him.
>
> The wise say that this threefold way is like an iron chain, binding the feet of him who aspires to escape from the prison-house of this world. He who frees himself from the chain achieves Deliverance.

That Soul attains Deliverance who has united itself with its Divine Parent, and this is possible only when he has fully conquered the inner animal.

NAMRATĀ

WORSHIP

Of inmost thought and highest aim
the mind an image makes.
Or passive in the cosmic wake,
wide-open to the Living Source
of being, motion and experience,
the soul reflects as in a pool
the Power that none escapes:
to this turn those whose hearts are tuned to Love;
while others to some idol their devotion prove.

WILLIAM EWART WALKER

HEIDEGGER AND OTHERS

[In our issue for January 1965, **Mr. Hugh I'A. Fausset,** at the end of his article, "The Existential Protest," raised the question:

"To what extent can Existential thinking, through its bias against the metaphysical, be said to obscure this Light and to encourage men to be themselves without sufficiently realizing what the real principle of Being is?"

And he promised that he would, in another article, try to answer the question in reference particularly to the thought of Heidegger. This is the promised article.—Ed.]

The teaching of a thinker, Heidegger has written, is what is left unsaid in what he says. Certainly his own thought is difficult to simplify and only some of its main tenets can be suggested here. Briefly, he requires us to acknowledge that we are finite beings who, if we reach out to the unknown and the future, can only do so effectively by "standing-in" finite existence within our historical setting. This "standing-in" implies a care for things without which we cannot enter into *rapport* with them or relate ourselves to them freely. This for Heidegger is the authentically human act.

Such an act is, of course, quite distinct from that of the man who exploits things for his own advantage, manipulating them technically and wantonly wasting the earth's resources. The average man is ignorant both of himself and of the real nature of things and his ignorance is maintained not only by worldly interests and distractions or by entertaining fantasies, but, in more cultivated circles, by that "higher life" about which he talks and speculates, all that "busy inquisitiveness" which prevents him from coming close to things or from really accepting his human roots in existence.

By contrast the man who accepts his own finitude bears in himself the burden of real existence and is fully aware of his membership of the human race. He shares the guilt and anguish of an Adam cast out from Eden, and knows that, like all existing things, sooner or later he is going to die. Stripped thus of any ideal pretensions he sees his own nothingness. But this acceptance of death releases him from subservience to a world which cannot really contain him and to the anxious conformity to it which previously enslaved him. Ceasing to cling to what is transient in life, he can truly and spontaneously act, at once drawing energy from existing things through his intimate involvement with them, and impressing meaning on them through the freedom he has won to be himself.

This is what Heidegger calls "resolve." It is a resolve to be utterly open to our true essence in the face of an unreal world, while at the same

time accepting our condition as finite beings who are enclosed from moment to moment within a concrete situation. This "resolve" is linked with "conscience," which for him has no moral or metaphysical implications, but is a call to repudiate the mechanical behaviour of the average man by drawing on the original power at the roots of Being.

Today man is in danger of losing touch with this power through the domination of a technique which eliminates everything that is unique and which thus systematically devalues life. But this enslavement by the technical is the outcome of a long degenerative process which began in man's first endeavour to abstract truth from existence and enclose it in mental systems. For Heidegger metaphysics is a form of such schematization and so he repudiates it and with it the whole realm of transcendental thinking which, in his view, leads man away from his roots into every sort of heady idealism. Instead, he stresses the need of a descent into the poverty of existence and of humility to reverence things and the wealth of life which they contain. Where technical man destroys the objects he exploits, the task of existential man is to restore its inherent value to human life, artistic, social, and political, all that virtue at the heart of real Being which the machine and its masters are today dissipating.

Such a task is essentially religious and so is Heidegger's philosophy, at least in tone. But it breaks entirely with religious tradition. Traditional religious thought looks to an end which transcends time. Its essential values, though to be expressed in time, are conceived to be beyond it. But the freely existing man of Heidegger's philosophy has rejected any concept of the eternal. For him, as a finite being, there is no end except the death towards which he is inexorably moving and his whole concern, therefore, is to experience the temporal in depth, as he exists in the present, re-lives the past, and extends himself towards an unknown future which has its ordained end. Only by refusing the lure of the ideal can he enter closely into life and draw from its depths the power and inspiration to originate life himself.

Such, in brief outline, is Heidegger's conception of what fidelity to existence demands of contemporary man. In his rejection of the transcendental his thought may seem to have affinities with Buddhist philosophy, but it lacks altogether either the cosmic reference or the majestic moral order implicit in Gautama's teaching. We have only to compare his insistence upon human finitude with Gautama's teaching concerning the unreality of the empirical self to see how one-sided his conception of man is. Wordsworth's pronouncement that "our being's heart and home is with infinitude and only there" may tempt the unwary away from their human commitments. Yet we do not need to be specifically mystics to

know, as an undeniable fact of experience, that the finite world, to which we belong physically, exists in a spiritual dimension which is infinite and which penetrates it at every point. We are part of a universe of which earthly existence is one manifestation, as we ourselves are. The manifested universe is the meeting place of two infinities, one of which is consciousness, the other life or energy. In the ever renewed act of creation these two infinities coalesce in material forms which vary from the most gross to the most fine according to the degree to which they are transparent to the indwelling light. All such forms are finite and temporal, but they embody what is infinite and eternal. Man, in his material aspect, is one of these transient forms and as such is finite and perishable. But spiritually his being is infinite and can eternally renew itself in forms. Man's task, therefore, is less to accept his finitude than to relate the circumference of his life to its true centre, that centre in which the infinities of light and of life meet in a continuous expression of the creative Will which comprehends both within itself.

To reject as metaphysical such a conception of the cosmos and of man as a microcosm is to deprive the actual world in which men struggle, strive, and suffer of ultimate meaning. For such a vision of the creative order of the universe and of a supreme intelligence informing it is not a system of fine-spun thought imposed upon life by minds expert in weaving logical webs. The great teachers who saw thus into the spiritual working of the cosmos and could thus show men how to relate themselves truly to the *dharma* which should govern their lives, had earned their vision by themselves attaining to a conscious at-one-ment with their creative source. They knew as clearly as Heidegger the need to be humble in the face of existence and that, as creatures, we are subject to time and death. But they knew far more profoundly than he that our finite limitations provide the framework within which we are meant to realize, with patient and costly effort, our infinite possibilities as offspring and trustees of a creative power and intelligence which transcends the temporal and spatial limits which It also informs.

In the existential view man is at best a kind of inspired freelance within the context of his finite circumstance. But his organic relation to the cosmos is tenuous. Paul Tillich has interpreted Sartre's proposition that "the essence of man is his existence" as meaning that "there is no essential nature of man except in the one point that he can make of himself what he wants. Man creates what he is."

This could be a true statement, but only for the man who has learnt to act in conformity with an order of life which is constant and luminous and of which the values do not change. All around us we see people making of themselves what they want with lamentable results, because

they lack that central Light of Consciousness which alone can enable us to be truly ourselves. This eternal Subject within us, which can never be object and which unites all opposites within itself, is our real identity. We may discover and relate ourselves to it in nature as a poetic and originative force, as the man does who humbles himself to life as a discoverer of new meaning in the things-that-are. Such a man's existence is authentic, as Heidegger argues, within its limits.

But, however conscientiously such a man accepts his finite status and eschews any illicit glances upwards, such a discipline is unlikely in itself to induce that radical "self-noughting" which is the condition of real enlightenment and liberation. The traditional teaching that man is a dual entity, in whom temporal becoming and timeless being intersect, cannot be so lightly disregarded. For he exists authentically in the degree that he combines these two dimensions in intimate relationship. The point of their intersection is his spiritual growing point. And it is only through this centre, constantly recollected, that he can be inspired to live his life in freedom, at once existing in Being and being in existence.

However down to earth and committed to life the man who accepts his finitude may be, he is off centre if he fails also to commit himself to the infinite Consciousness of which he needs to be constantly mindful. A philosophy which overstresses terrestrial man is as perverse as one which overstresses celestial man. The body is the bride of the spirit. To be human is to bring the Kingdom of Light down to earth and to raise up earth to heaven. That is man's unique vocation. In fulfilling it he becomes more truly and wholly man. But the power to achieve this is not his own. He draws it from the God who creates and recreates him, who informs and transcends him.

To admit this is not to spurn our finite limitations or our earthly loyalties, as existentialists suggest. We can agree with Simone Weil that

> we have a heavenly country, but in a sense it is too difficult to love, because we do not know it; above all, in a sense it is too easy to love, because we can imagine it as we please. We run the risk of loving a fiction under this name. . . . Let us love the country of here below. It is real; it offers resistance to our love. It is the country which God has given us to love. He has willed that it should be difficult yet possible to love it.

For Simone Weil it is possible to love terrestrial life because it reflects, however dimly, a heavenly glory. Tragic as it is in its transience and disunity, the tragedy, if profoundly accepted, can prove a gateway to a Beyond of unfathomable meaning. But if heaven is denied we are at the mercy of what Karl Jaspers has called "the strange and sinister fate to which we have been abandoned." Then we may well feel with him that

there is something alien that threatens us, something we cannot escape. Wherever we go, whatever we see or hear, there is something in the air which will destroy us, no matter what we do or wish.

The man who is thus haunted by the death that awaits him at the end of the road may well cease to be bound by the self-interested ties and conventions of a worldly life. But he may still be far from having died the real death in himself by which he is re-born into union with the unconditioned principle of Being. And because he has yet to experience what Buddhism calls "the Void," that emptiness of self in which we enter into the fullness of life, the prospect of eventual nothingness merely convinces him of the need to root himself in his own freedom and finite self-possession. Any philosophy, therefore, which encourages us to lay claim to an individual freedom which is not also a pure submission to a divine principle of which we can never exhaust the meaning, is unlikely to redeem the two main defects which humanity has displayed in its tragic history — its inability to lift itself out of the material and its fatal pride in its own powers.

Admittedly existential thinkers intend that by concentrating our attention exclusively upon human existence and ceasing to speculate about abstract essences we should learn to be original, making of our lives a poetic experience and claiming as our own the creativity which our too modest forefathers ascribed to God.

But originality is an a-moral quality, as Sartre's life and works defiantly proclaim. It is equally at home with every sort of experience. In such existentialism as Sartre's there is no place for moral discrimination or responsibility, since there is no realm of unchanging values to which it can be referred. Consequently such a philosophy commends something hardly distinguishable from a merely vital involvement in existence in which self-will boastfully masquerades as creative freedom.

Heidegger's vision is very different in its nobility and depth. Though contending that being reveals itself through man's destiny and history, he does not make truth a mere function of human subjectivity. He rejects the God of the past; but he is ready to believe that He may rise again through the eventual illumination of being by human thought. He wishes us to rethink the meaning of such words as "God" or "the Holy," to understand them anew in the depth of our souls until we become conscious of a new relation with the mystery of things. With the poet Hölderlin he laments that "our generation walks in night, dwells as in Hades, without the divine." But for him this night in which the previously conceived supra-sensual world has been engulfed and with it the principles and ideals which governed man in the past may well be the necessary

prelude to a new day in which earthly man, through intellectual illumination, will enter into his inheritance of true being.

But a new consciousness can only be born of a total act of Commitment, not merely to existence or to intellectual effort, but to that pure Mind which, as the Buddhists say, is "No-mind," and which, "free from ills, disturbances, and follies," is eternally instant in time. To live in the light of that Mind we have to die to self-centred thought about things or ideas. And the rejection of the transcendental by modern secular man, as of the romantic imagination by the intellectuals who fail to see that nothing is so truly romantic as an intense vision of the real, is due to the incapacity of self-centred minds to experience beyond the material or the mental.

Doubtless the anti-idealism which has increasingly characterized the Existential movement has been historically necessary as a reaction against ungrounded abstractions of thought and feeling. But the vital ground of our being is as divine as is the Mind in which alone we can know what and who we are and in what relation we stand to a mysterious universe. No philosophy which excludes from its reckoning That which transcends our partiality and infinitely informs our finitude can either explain man convincingly to himself or really enable him to be free and enlightened.

Behind the dark veil of our mental conceit and moral obtuseness the immemorial Presence, as ever, awaits our recognition. Until the recognition comes and, with it, the reunion in love, existence, however passionately and realistically embraced, can only remain the convulsed shadow of real Being.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

I HAVE UNDERSTOOD that one who aimeth at his individual peace and happiness adopteth the Lower Path. But he who, from the very start, devoteth the merit of his love and compassion to the cause of others, I understand belongeth to the Higher Path.

—MILAREPA

THE MESSAGE OF BEAUTY

[Our old and esteemed friend, **Dr. Alexander F. Skutch**, is often moved by his close study of nature to cogent philosophical reflections. In this long essay the presence of Beauty in our world suggests to him some important thoughts about the relation of man to his environment. There is profound truth in the observation that of a beautiful thing we demand nothing except that it shall be itself. The true response to Beauty is instinctively selfless; a voluptuous, possessive response implies a certain blindness.

We print below the first part of the essay; the concluding part will appear next month.—Ed.]

I

As we travel through the wilder parts of the earth, far from the crowded centres of men, we detect beauty and grandeur in a hundred situations where we could survive only precariously or not at all, in a thousand objects which are of no practical use to us, which might injure or destroy us if we came too close. In the frozen arctic wastes as in the hottest forests of the tropics, where we can exist only with great difficulty and at the price of enduring many hardships, we meet beauty on every side: in the gleaming snow and spectacular atmospheric phenomena of the polar regions; in the forms and colours of plants, birds, insects, and other animals of the tropical sylva. We gaze into the uttermost depths of space through powerful telescopes and discover beauties which the starry heavens withhold from our unaided vision. Through a microscope we examine the contents of a drop of water, or the tissues of a plant, and here, too, marvellously beautiful patterns greet our delighted gaze. Even the bright colours wherewith certain animals, such as the coral snake, warn us that they will hurt or destroy us if we touch them, attract us by their beauty. The congeniality of the world considered aesthetically contrasts strongly with its frequent indifference or hostility to our practical interests. Our aesthetic adaptation to our environment is far superior to our biological and social adaptation; it is the most perfect that we have achieved.

What are the reasons for this? Indeed, why should we be sensitive to beauty at all? This is a problem which presents great difficulties to the evolutionist. Aesthetic sensibility may be an incidental result of the organization of a nervous system which evolved primarily for such practical ends as finding food and shelter, escaping enemies, and the like. Given such sensibility, however it arose, natural selection would, I believe, promote its positive response to certain objects and situations to which the animal was constantly exposed. If the blue of the sky and the green of the earth were as depressing to an animal as certain colours

can be to us, its vital processes and its will to live might be adversely affected, so that in the struggle for existence it would be less successful than some related animal which, instead of being depressed, was pleasantly excited by these wide-spread colours. It seems obvious that, in animals which choose their sexual partners by visual characters, an individual will be more likely to win a mate and reproduce if potential partners are attracted rather than repelled by its appearance. Darwin's theory of sexual selection accounts for many of the more striking adornments of animals by just this consideration. Thus widely accepted biological principles seem adequate to account for the beauty which we, and doubtless other animals with well-developed vision, find in the blue sky with its white clouds, in the green and flowery earth, and in members of the same species, especially those of the opposite sex when in their prime.

I doubt, however, that considerations such as the foregoing can adequately account for the whole range of our aesthetic responses. They seem especially inadequate in the case of music, which poses one of the most difficult problems to any theory of aesthetics. Why should a complex train of atmospheric vibrations, which conveys no welcome information and contributes nothing to our survival, delight us so strongly as music can do? I believe that we can account for this only on the fundamental principle that harmony is the source of all joy and happiness, not only in ourselves but doubtless also in every conscious being. Harmony arises whenever a number of diverse parts are unified in a coherent pattern; the harmonious object is simultaneously one and many. In the case of music, the component parts are notes of diverse intensities and pitches, conjoined in a coherent pattern which we call a melody. In a painting or a landscape, the components are coloured forms, which must be combined with a certain coherence and balance to appear beautiful to us. Hardly anything is more essential to our felicity than health, which we enjoy when all the organs and functions of our body so support each other that they form one harmonious, organic whole. But above all, happiness requires the harmonious integration of our mental life in all its aspects, and the regulation of our activities in conformity with our ideals, aspirations, or principles of conduct. One might adduce many other examples of the general law that we experience pleasure or happiness when the objects or situations which affect us form harmonious patterns; and, when these patterns are perceived by means of our external senses, we call the resulting pleasure aesthetic and say that we behold beauty.

Since to form a harmonious pattern is the condition of beauty, and organisms can hardly survive unless they are harmoniously integrated, it is not surprising that beauty should be wide-spread in the living world.

Yet this consideration alone will hardly explain why we find beauty in so many objects and situations which contribute nothing material to our welfare and may even be hostile to us. May not the reason be that we demand nothing of the beautiful thing, except that it be itself? Being itself, it is beautiful; and being beautiful, it cheers us and helps to "bind us to the earth," as Keats said. In most other relationships with things that somehow reward us, we make far greater demands on them. To serve us, they must deviate from their usual course, make an effort, or relinquish something, perhaps their lives, as often happens when we use them for food, clothing, or the construction of our houses. But everything, especially every living thing, exists primarily for its own sake rather than for another's. If an animal, it may resist, by means of fangs, horns, or other weapons, our efforts to exploit it; if a plant, it may cover itself with thorns or stinging hairs, or impregnate its tissues with distasteful or poisonous substances to make itself inedible. But, when anything can enhance our lives simply by being itself and following its own course, it has no reason to withhold this boon. When we demand of the beautiful object only that it be itself, we find beauty everywhere.

This fact should regulate our treatment of beautiful things. When we are young and foolish, we naturally wish to seize and retain whatever delights us, so that, as we fondly suppose, we may enjoy it for ever. Many, unfortunately, never outgrow this childish attitude. Others finally realize that the proper treatment of a thing that rewards us simply by being itself is to permit it to remain itself, interfering with it as little as possible. Since it is wrong to claim for oneself alone that which is freely offered to all, we should protect the beautiful object without seeking exclusive possession of it. In a society which was not, like ours, tainted to the roots by the poison of commercialism, no one would sell or buy things which are cherished for their beauty alone. The artist would create them for the joy of creation and place them where they would be most appreciated.

ALEXANDER F. SKUTCH

(To be concluded)

FROM Delight all these beings are born, by Delight they exist and grow, to Delight they return.

—*Taittirīya Upaniṣad*

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE BUDDHIST "DHAMMAPADA"

[**Dr. B. C. Law, D.Litt., Ph.D., M.A., LL.B., Hon. F.R.A.S. (London)**, is an old and esteemed contributor to THE ARYAN PATH. The *Dhammapada* itself will be familiar to many of our readers; but there is an impressive and suggestive quality about the wealth of comparisons in doctrine which Dr. Law has indicated in his footnotes.—ED.]

THE *Dhammapada,* written in the Pali language, belongs to the Hinayanists or southern Buddhists or the Theravadins. It is the second book of the *"Khuddaka Nikāya"* of the *Suttapiṭaka.* Its earliest mention is found in the *Milinda-Pañho* (or the Questions of Menander, a Greek king), which may be dated in the first or second century A.D. It is very difficult to draw any definite conclusion as to its actual date from the mere fact that there were some quotations in the *Kathāvatthu* and the *Mahāniddesa* from the stanzas now traceable in the *Dhammapada.* The *Dhammapada* does not contain any stanzas supposed to have been drawn from the Jātakas.

The verses of the *Dhammapada* are compiled from various sources, but there is no mention of the authorship of each of the verses. The verses are mostly detached. The arrangement seems to be arbitrary. The language is simple and the inflexion of words is perfectly regular and rare. Irregularities are found here and there, caused by metrical exigences. The syntax is easy. Only two metres (*anuṣṭubha* and *triṣṭubha*) are used. The verses are delightful and their import is intelligible throughout. Happy similes chosen from everyday life have beautified the style. The striking feature is the use of contrast to show the bright and dark sides of the same questions in parallel language.

Like the Tamil text of the *Tirukkuṛaḷ* of *Tiruvaḷḷuvar* and the Sanskrit text of the *Bhagavadgītā* among the Hindus, the *Dhammapada* is one of the most important holy scriptures of the Buddhists.

In the following I shall briefly set forth some of the sublime teachings of the *Dhammapada.*

Hatred does not cease by hatred but it ceases by love.[1]

Earnestness is the path of immortality and indolence is the path of death. It conveys the ideas of *Nirvāṇa.* According to the *Tirukkuṛaḷ* (vv. 602, 609) those who wish the esteem of their family should never encourage sloth. By conquering sloth one can wipe out the reproach that has come over one's family. Lovers of idleness will receive words of

[1] Cf. Matthew, v. 44; *Mahābhārata, "Bhīṣmaparva,"* Ch. XXI, 10; *Śrīmad-Bhagavadgītā,* XII. 13-14.

rebuke.[2] This *Dhammapada* verse was recited to Asoka.[3]

Intelligent people guard earnestness as an excellent wealth.[4] He who is earnest and meditative obtains abundant happiness. It is impossible for a monk who is devoted to earnestness and who looks with fear on indolence to fall away from the excellent state as he is close to *Nirvāṇa*.[5]

Thought under control leads to happiness.[6] Whatever a hater may do to a hater or an enemy to an enemy, wrongly directed thought will do one greater mischief.[7]

The odour of a virtuous man rises up to the gods as the highest.[8] Death carries off a man who is collecting flowers and whose mind is distracted like a flood carrying off a sleeping village. Death brings such a man under its control, not satiated in sensual pleasures.[9] A sage should move about in a village like a bee flying away, taking the nectar without harming the colour and odour of the flower.[10]

A self does not belong to one's own self. What then of wealth and children? As long as the sin is not ripe, the fool does not suffer.[11] It is wise to do an act for which the doer will not repent. The desire and pride of a fool increase.[12] According to the *Tirukkuṛaḷ* he who seeks to enlighten a fool befools himself. A conceited fool thinks that he knows everything (Chap. 85, vv. 843, 848-9).

One should admonish, teach, and put a stop to what is improper. He becomes a favourite of the good and becomes unkind to the wicked.[13] The wise control themselves. They are not moved by blame or praise.[14] They should think of good, giving up sin.[15] It is better to serve such an intelligent person who censures another for his fault and who points out what is to be avoided.

He is the best of men who has brought to an end the continued rebirths, who knows the Uncreated (that is, *Nirvāṇa*), who has no blind faith, who is not an opportunist, and who has renounced all desires. Those who are free from passions will rejoice and not those who are in search of sensual pleasures.[16]

Salutation to the righteous is beneficent. Four things increase for a man if he always salutes and reveres the aged, namely, life, beauty, happi-

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[2] Cf. *Nettipakaraṇa*, 34; LAW: *Dīpavamsa*, VI. 53.
[3] Also cf. *Mahāvamsa* (GEIGER), p. 35; *Jātaka*, V: p. 99.
[4] Cf. *Theragātha*, ver. 883.
[5] Cf. *Aṅguttara*, II, p. 40; *Milinda-Pañho*, p. 408; *Itivuttaka*, p. 40.
[6] Cf. *Jātaka*, I, pp. 312, 400.
[7] Cf. *Udāna*, IV. 3.
[8] Cf. *Aṅguttara*, I. 226; *Milinda-Pañho*, 333.
[9] Cf. *Mahābhārata*, "*Śāntiparva*," vv. 6540-1 and 9939.
[10] Cf. *Nettipakaraṇa*, 184.
[11] *Samyutta Nikāya*, I, p. 85.
[12] Cf. *Jaina Sūtrakṛtāṅga*, 302.
[13] Cf. *Theragātha*, ver. 994.
[14] Cf. *Milinda-Pañho*, 386.
[15] Cf. *Suttanipāta*, v. 526.
[16] Cf. *Theragātha*, ver. 992.

ness, and strength.[17]

A wicked and thoughtless person may live for a hundred years but the life of a virtuous and meditative person is better although it is for a day only. A life for a day only is better if he sees origination and destruction, if he sees immortality and the excellent Law.

One should remove one's thoughts from evil deeds. One should make haste to do good deeds.[18] The accumulation of sin is painful.[19] According to the *Tirukkuṛaḷ* (verse 272), of what avail is a man's saintly mien if his mind is bent on evil? One should do a meritorious deed. One should repeat it. The accumulation of merit is pleasant. If one offends or injures a person who is pure and free from lust and wickedness, the sin returns to such a fool like a small quantity of dust thrown against the wind.[20] Blessed are those who go to heaven and the sinners go to hell. Those who are free from sins or depravities obtain perfect beatitude.[21] Not in the sky, not in the midst of the ocean, and not in the mountain grotto, nowhere is there any place on earth where a person may escape death and may be free from sin.[22]

All tremble at punishment and all fear death. Life is beloved of all.[23] Realizing that you are like unto them, you should not kill or cause slaughter.[24]

Angry speech is painful. Retribution will overtake such a speaker.[25] Old age and death drive the life of a human being like a cowherd driving the cows to pasture with the stick. Not nakedness, not matted hair, not fasting or sleeping on the bare ground, not rubbing with dust, not squatting on the hams, can purify a mortal who has gone beyond desire.[26] By faith, morality, energy, meditation, right judgement, right thinking, one endowed with knowledge and right conduct will overcome great pain.[27]

This body is worn with age, full of diseases, and frail. This accumulation of corruption is destroyed. Life ends in death.[28]

It is difficult to control one's own self. Self is the lord of self. With a well-controlled self one obtains a lord who is difficult to be obtained.[29]

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[17] Cf. *Manusamhitā*, II. 121 ; *Mahābhārata*, ver. 1521.

[18] Cf. *Jātaka*, IV, p. 490. [19] *Bhagavadgītā*, VII. 15.

[20] Cf. *Suttanipāta*, ver. 662 ; *Samyutta Nikāya*, I. 13, 164 ; *Petavatthu*, p. 24.

[21] Cf. *Mahāvastu*, II, 424.

[22] Cf. *Milinda-Pañho*, p. 150 ; *Divyāvadāna*, 532:
naivāntarikṣe na samudramadhye na parvatānām vivaram praviśya
na vidyate sa pṛthivīpradeśo yatra sthitam na prasapeta karmeti

[23] Cf. *Mahābhārata*, XIII, 5568 ; *Jātaka*, III, 292.

[24] Cf. *Hitopadeśa*, I. 11 ; *Manusamhitā*, V. 45.

[25] Cf. *Bhagavadgītā*, XII. 15; *Udāna*, p. 12.

[26] Cf. *Divyāvadāna*, p. 339 ; *Suttanipāta*, V. 249.

[27] Cf. *Tirukkuṛaḷ*, VV. 352, 354, 131, 133, etc.

[28] Cf. *Samyutta Nikāya*, I, p. 97 ; *Divyāvadāna*, p. 561.

[29] Cf. *Bhagavadgītā*, Ch. VI.

Let him not forego or neglect the spiritual good proper to himself for that of another however great; knowing his own good he should be devoted to his spiritual welfare.[30]

If one has bypassed the law and speaks falsehood and does not trouble about future life, there is no sin which cannot be committed.[31] The wise know that sensual pleasures are insipid and painful.[32] The arising of the Enlightened One is happy; the teaching of the True Law is happy; concord in the Sangha is happy; and the austerity of all is happy.

We live happily among those who have nothing as their own. We shall be feasting on joy.[33] There is no sorrow for one who has none dear to him; how much less then, fear?[34] Sorrow and fear arise from love. They arise from sensual pleasures and craving.

Sufferings do not befall him who has nothing as his own and who is not attached to name and form.[35] One should conquer anger with non-anger, evil with good, stinginess with gifts, and falsehood with truth.[36]

It is an ancient saying that he who sits silent is blamed; he who talks much is also blamed; he who talks little is blamed too. There is none in the world who is not blamed or praised completely.

Quickly exert yourself and you should be wise. You attain the celestial law of the elect being pure.[37] Bad conduct is the impurity of woman. Avarice is the impurity of the giver. Sins are impurities in this world and in the next. Ignorance is the greatest taint. Removing this taint, monks should be free from impurities.[38] There is no fire like passion, no crocodile[39] like hatred, no snare like delusion, and no river like desire. It is easy to find the faults of others but it is difficult to see one's own faults. There is no eternity of the elements of beings and there is no movement or vacillation in the Buddhas.[40] Cherishing desire and avarice, one cannot be a novice (disciple).[41] He is called a novice who has caused (a tendency to) evil deeds to subside in himself.

He who has attained the extinction of sins or depravities has obtained confidence.[42]

The eightfold path is the best. Freedom from passion is the best of

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[30] *Ibid.*, III. 35; IV. 14, 20: "Better one's own *dharma*, however ill performed, than others' *dharma*, well performed although it be."

[31] Cf. *Itivuttaka*, Sec. 25. [32] Cf. *Vinaya Piṭakā*, II. 25; *Divyāvadāna*, p. 224.

[33] Cf. *Samyutta Nikāya* I. 114; *Uttarādhyayana*, IX. 14; *Mahābhārata*, XII. 9917.

[34] *Avadānaśataka*, I, p. 191.

[35] *Samyutta Nikāya*, I 25; *Sūtrakṛtāṅga* (SBE), p. 302; *Tirukkuṛal*, ver. 309.

[36] Cf. *Jātaka*, II. 4; *Mahābhārata*, V. 1518.

[37] Cf. *Chandogya Upaniṣad*, III. xiii. 7; *Kaṭhopaniṣad*, V. 15.

[38] Cf. *Aṅguttara*, IV. 195. [39] The crocodile is compared to both anger and hatred.

[40] Cf. *Dhammapada Commentary*, III, p. 378.

[41] *Bhagavadgītā*, II. 71. [42] *Mahāvastu*, III. 422.

virtues. The best of men is the one who has eyes to see.[43] According to the *Tirukkuṛaḷ* (ver. 132) one should strive hard to walk on the right path. One finds in it one's surest ally. Having obtained the best path, you put an end to suffering. The path has been described by me who have known the appeasing of evil.[44]

All matters are impermanent when one sees through knowledge. One who is guarded in speech, well-restrained in thought, not committing any evil with the body, should purify these three paths of action and win the path taught by the sages (*cf. Nettipakaraṇa,* 183). As long as the desire of a man for women is not removed, so long his mind is in bondage. Cut off the love of self and develop along the path of peace. A fool thinks that he will dwell here during the rainy season and there in winter and summer, but he does not think of death. There is no protection in relations when one is caught by death (cf. the Jaina *Uttarādhyayana Sūtra,* VI. 3). A wise and pious person knowing the significance of this fact will quickly clear the path leading to *Nirvāṇa.* The way to the attainment of *Nirvāṇa* has been described.

The disciples of Gautama are always wide awake. They are always mindful in the acts of their bodies. They have their mind always devoted to freedom from life-slaughter. They are engaged in meditation.

It is better not to do an evil deed, because one afterwards suffers for it. Those who see fear where there is no fear and see no fear where there is fear have adopted false views and they go to hell. Those who know sin as sin and non-sin as non-sin have adopted right views and they go to heaven.

He who is well-controlled is the best among men. One should be earnest and vigilant, should guard one's mind; thus one will save oneself from the difficult path (cf. *Milinda-Pañho,* p. 379). If one finds a prudent friend, a companion, wise and righteous, overcoming all risks one should walk with him, being pleased and thoughtful. One should move about alone if no such friend is available, like a king who has given up his conquered country or like an elephant in the forest (cf. *Suttanipāta,* 45-46). Morality is happiness up to old age; well-established faith is happiness; attainment of knowledge is good; the avoidance of sin is also good. One should not commit any evil deed through little desire for exertion (*Vinayapitakā,* I. 350). Friends are blessed in need; joy is good from whatever cause; merit is good at the end of life; the extinction of all sufferings is happiness.

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[43] *Nettipakaraṇa,* 188.

[44] Cf. *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad,* IV. iv. 8; *Lalitavistāra,* 550; and WOODWARD: *The Buddha's Path of Virtue* (p. 68): The Buddha is called the great thorn-remover. The thorns are the stings and torments of passion.

The desire of an indolent person increases. Waves carry away a misguided person whose thoughts are set on sensual pleasures. A mind freed in every way will not again enter into birth and decay.

Restraint in eye, ear, nose, and tongue is good. Restraint is good in body, speech, thought, and in all things. A monk who is restrained in all things is freed from all sufferings (cf. *Mahāvastu,* III. 423; *Samyutta Nikāya,* I. 73; *Milinda-Pañho,* 399). He is a monk who is restrained in speech, who talks little, who is not puffed up, who explains the law and its meaning, and whose speech is sweet (cf. *Suttanipāta,* v. 550; *Theragāthā,* 2). A monk should not envy others. The destruction of the elements of existence is happiness (cf. *Mahāvastu,* III. 421; *Tirukkuṛaḷ,* ver. 242; *Theragāthā,* 368, 369, 521, etc.)

There is no meditation for one who is without knowledge and no knowledge for one who is without meditation. He is close to *Nirvāṇa* who has wisdom and meditation. One should secure good friends whose life is pure and who are not slothful. According to the *Tirukkuṛaḷ* (ver. 602) those who desire high estimation of their family should never encourage sloth. By conquering sloth one can wipe out reproach (*Tirukkuṛaḷ,* ver. 609).

He is called a Brahmin who is free from fear and bondage, who is meditative, who is free from passion and depravity, dutiful, settled, and has obtained the highest object. According to the *Tirukkuṛaḷ* (ver. 240) the unblemished truly live. The Buddha shines through power or influence all day and night (*Samyutta Nikāya,* I. 15). Not by matted hair, not by family, and not by birth does one become a Brahmin. He in whom there exist truth and law is happy and is a Brahmin. A true Brahmin is one who is free from bonds and shackles and who does not tremble after cutting away all fetters. He has removed all obstacles and is enlightened (*Saṃyutta Nikāya,* I. 16, 63). A true Brahmin is free from anger, dutiful, virtuous, free from lust, and subdued. He is free from attachment among those who have attachment, free from trouble among the troubled, and mild among the violent (cf. *Saṃyutta Nikāya,* I. 236). He has removed passion, hatred, pride, and deceit. He utters truthful speech. He is free from inclination and bondage. He has reached the depth of immortality. He has gone beyond the impassable world which is full of delusion. He is a hero who has conquered the whole world, giving up delight and non-delight. He knows the rise and fall of beings in every way. He is excellent, a great sage, a conqueror, enlightened, whose spiritual instruction is complete and who is free from desire. He has entirely accomplished the consummation (namely saintship).[45]

B. C. Law

[45] Cf. *Samyutta Nikāya,* I. 167; *Aṅguttara,* I. 165; *Itivuttaka,* Sec. 99.

THE SHAKESPEARE QUATERCENTENARY
FOUR HUNDRED YEARS—AND THEN?

[**Miss Odette Tchernine** has written several articles of much interest for THE ARYAN PATH. She is a poet, broadcaster, and writer, who contributes to many distinguished journals in Britain and the U.S.A. In this article she sets down (appropriately as the twelve months beginning with Shakespeare's four hundredth birth anniversary begin to draw to a close) her reflections on what is known of Shakespeare's life and on the world-wide honour in which he is held.—ED.]

1964 was William Shakespeare's Quatercentenary. He was born on 23 April, Saint George's Day, in 1564, and died in 1616. His renown is world-wide and has lasted down the centuries. His Quatercentenary was celebrated by some of the greatest acting and artistic talent of the British Isles, and some of the unknown young and talented took part in these festivities.

His father was a respected tradesman of Stratford on Avon, and must have been quite prosperous, for he became an alderman and later served as High Bailiff. Afterwards he appears to have been in financial difficulties. None the less, William, his eldest son, was probably educated at the Stratford Grammar School. Very little information has ever been available touching William's early days, and there have been differing opinions on the first appearances of his writings.

His career began round about his eighteenth year, and there are records that he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years his senior. Her cottage at Shottery near Stratford is famous the world over as one of the show-places of the Shakespeare background in the very beautiful Warwickshire countryside.

Shakespeare went to London five years after his marriage, and became associated with the Globe Theatre, that circular centre of play-acting contemporary to the period, attacked by a minority of the community who, forestalling the Cromwell era, called the stage every sinful and iniquitous name. That theatre was reproduced frequently in pictorial art, and it is of interest to note how early theatrical centres tended to be modelled at times on the arenas of antiquity, in shape if not in ferocity of entertainment, though that might be a debatable point.

At the Globe, Shakespeare progressed quite early, beginning by playing small parts on the stage. His first important notice by the public was in 1593, records state, with his "Venus and Adonis," followed in 1594 with "The Rape of Lucrece." His success from then must have been meteoric, for soon afterwards he became the owner of the Globe Theatre, and then obtained an interest in the Blackfriars Theatre.

There are gaps in data as to the order in which his enormous output of plays occurred, but it is fascinating to make conjectures, based on the obvious different quality levels of those comedies and great dramas.

Apparently his work as producer was remunerative as much as his work as playwright; for in a few years from the start of his career he was in a position to buy property at Stratford on Avon, and, when he retired round about 1610 or 1612, he went back to his birthplace to live in a house he had had built.

Longevity as we understand it these days was not a feature of those robust and changeful times, and Shakespeare died at the age of fifty-two, and was buried in Stratford Church.

The Quatercentenary Exhibition at Stratford was organized to be open from 23 April to 5 August 1964. It illustrated the poet-and-dramatist's life and career against a background of Elizabethan and Jacobean England. Painters, stage and television designers, and sculptors, some famous, some as yet unknown, have contributed to creating scenes of life in town and country, at Court, at the seats of culture of those days, and on London's streets and river. A programme arranged by George Rylands, the Cambridge Shakespearian scholar and producer, included recorded voices of famous actors and actresses like Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Alan Bates, Judi Dench, Dame Edith Evans, Sir John Gielgud, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Lawrence Olivier, and many others.

Celebrated painters like the Australian Sidney Nolan have produced vast canvasses, and patterns of Elizabethan fabrics were created by twenty-one-year-old Edward Gilbert, a young student at the Royal College of Art. Shakespeare's countryside has been re-enacted on canvas by Jean Hugo, an artist great-grandson of Victor Hugo, who once wrote an essay on Shakespeare. The half-intersected "S" symbol of the Stratford on Avon Exhibition was created by Sashi Rawal, a young Kenya-born Indian designer. The musical side was prominent, and a number of the original settings of songs in the plays, as well as madrigals and incidental music, were discovered by Dr. Frederick Sternfeld, Austrian-born composer, now a British citizen.

Observance of the four-hundredth year of Shakespeare's birth was taking place not only all over Britain, but in many other parts of the world; two interesting places honouring him being Stratford, Ontario, in Canada, and Stratford, Connecticut, U.S.A. Shakespeare's genius appeals too in countries where, on first consideration, it might be thought that his dramatist's pageantry and the grandeur of kings and ruling personages might not have found sympathy in the proletariat. But it does. Probably that is due to his human understanding and development of character and circumstance, whether of king, clown, or knave. Shake-

speare's characters live, they are vital flesh and blood, whether their habitat be palace or hovel.

In Westminster Abbey on 26 April a commemoration service was held in Shakespeare's honour, at which the Lessons were read by actor Sir Michael Redgrave, and the oration pronounced by the poet Cecil Day Lewis. The Shakespeare Society and the Poetry Society of Great Britain were represented, and flowers were laid at the Shakespeare Memorial in Poets' Corner.

The Poetry Society ran a sonnet competition and a one-act-play competition to commemorate Shakespeare, and "Shakespeare and the Theatre" was the theme of an exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery, one of London's most historic places. The Lord Mayor spoke at the opening ceremony. The walls were lined with Shakespeare's theatrical scenes painted and enacted by leading artists and actors and actresses, both past and present. A document in the Guildhall archives bears Shakespeare's signature, said the Mayor, and it refers to some property bought for the playwright as an investment.

The faces of Sarah Siddons, Henry Irving, Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Sir Laurence Olivier, and Sir John Gielgud looked down upon a varied assembly, but to my mind the most charming and immediate impact was in one comparatively small room where water-colours of theatrical scenes and costumes were shown. Amid some older classics of the last century were exquisite little scenes for *Romeo and Juliet* executed by modern John Piper.

In the heyday of Queen Elizabeth I grew this man's repute as playwright, poet, theatrical producer, and friend and companion of the great ones at Court and elsewhere, and of lesser men. The highly coloured scene was of courtiers, playboys, merchant adventurers, against the panorama of the expanding, sea-going nation set on the dangerous but exciting threshold of an intrigue-ridden Continent across a small strip of sea — England's protection for so long. Will Shakespeare's background inspired him in his intense interest and analytical genius for mankind — the nobles, the innkeepers and serving folk, the country bumpkins, and the knaves. They were all grist to the mill, his imaginative yet realistic mind. Little wonder his versatile genius became harnessed to this varied galaxy as to a star: "All the world's a stage," *his* stage where he never lost sight of the human element laced to the fanciful, beautiful, and mysterious. He must have delighted his public and his companions, and been envied by some, though probably seldom by the swashbuckling or dandified people of fashion, who in spite of their extravagances and diamond buckles could astonish with their tough courage and resourcefulness when needed.

The first Elizabethan Age of English literature and culture possibly stands out as the brightest jewel in the ever-weaving crown of the centuries because of the adventurous call of those days, the challenge from Spain, the brilliance of the English Court with its remarkable ruler, and the excitement of exploring unknown lands going hand in hand with an increasing sea power, even if this often began in a piratical way! But a glittering aura enfolds that age, with always the *obbligato* of Gloriana being praised in lyric or song. The age inspired. And Shakespeare was the poet who reaped most grandly from this sumptuous heritage of beauty, historic conflict, and glamour.

His knowledge lay in many fields. He was as well versed in the nature of the smallest hedgerow creature and flower as in the lordly cultivated gardens of the nobility and the country gentlemen, examples of rare blooms and rainbow effects, with "pleached" and "knotted" designs in their layout. He knew as much of the ways of the field mouse swaying on an ear of corn as of the majestic beast of prey which in "The Seven Ages of Man" he pictures in "Bearded as the pard."

Christopher Marlowe, his brilliant contemporary, also born in 1564, was cut down comparatively young in a tavern fight, and there have been divided opinions as to what led to that fatal stabbing incident. But Shakespeare and the allegedly mysterious lack of information on certain phases of his life is an ever-green topic for controversy. Down the years some earnest historians, scholars, and amateur literary sleuths have spent years trying to probe the unrecorded phases in Shakespeare's life, and to prove that Sir Francis Bacon or the Earl of Oxford was the author of the plays.

Those detectives lose sight of the logical assessing of genius in their enthusiastic research. Of course, the world is intensely interested in Shakespeare as a man, quite apart from the sleuths who seem to forget the poetry and only think of the chase. But it is most unlikely that any new details of his life and family affairs and familiar companions will ever come to light. Probably there is no mystery at all, but merely the fact that in the Elizabethan and Jacobean days there were few records of the affairs and movements of people of the simple and undistinguished standing of his family, except for entries of births, marriages, and deaths in local registers.

Since the years he spent in London from round about his twenty-first year until the time he began to make a stage name for himself were years comparatively obscure in achievement, and he might not yet have made many friends among the famous, it is not surprising that no records of that phase in his life could be found.

As for his family, more is known of the Ardens, his mother's family,

than of anyone on his father's side; for the Ardens were apparently quite well landed and established, whereas Will's father was just an honest tradesman who served his town honourably and well.

So Will Shakespeare's own words, "Much Ado About Nothing," might be the operative term to suggest to the detectives who try to prove that Shakespeare was never Shakespeare. It might be expedient too to remind them that "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Deriving from the foregone, I would like to offer a theory as to one of the chief factors that gave rise to the controversy. It is that in Shakespeare's age, as happens to creative writers to this day, there must have been occasions of pressure when a play or scene had to be produced at high speed, either for the equivalent of a sudden command performance (Gloriana must always be gratified) or to assist his theatrical or social colleagues in some impasse. So he had to co-operate, and if scenes had to be set in, to him, unfamiliar environments, to save the time he would have had to spend on research, he would recruit the advice and revision of some of his more travelled titled friends. Naturally in some records of the current happenings, some names of other men who also wrote themselves would be linked with his. But the plays and the famous much-disputed sonnets are all the harvest of one mind and inspiration.

Shakespeare was a warm and friendly genius. He might not have been too punctilious about his name always appearing everywhere.

The phenomenon of Shakespeare's genius and its immortal imprint on the world's memory is all the more remarkable because to many people the works of Shakespeare are boring. Probably such a reaction was caused in early youth when learning Shakespeare was a schoolroom "must" and sometimes, and most monstrously, even made a penance. Fortunately many who develop this aversion through no fault of their own, but through mistaken forms of tuition, revise their attitude in adult years and grow to appreciate what they have disliked.

In four hundred years from now, which of the great names of this century in literature, poetry, and drama will be remembered and commemorated as Will Shakespeare is being commemorated this year?

I have sometimes felt that Dylan Thomas might one day be recognized as the Chaucer of this age, but — would his name fit in the niche of Shakespeare the immortal? Would George Bernard Shaw's? Would T. S. Eliot's?

No. It is too hard and blinding for the midge to look at the mountain, and to guess if in four hundred years the glory of the highest peak will be a double glory catching the rainbow and the sun.

ODETTE TCHERNINE

THE DOG IN INDIAN LORE

[**Shri M. V. Sridatta Sarma** has collated some interesting references to the dog in Indian mythological and epic literature. He includes the moving story of Yudhiṣṭhira and the dog whom he refused to abandon even at the peril of forfeiting heaven.—ED.]

EVER SINCE the dawn of civilization, the dog has been a close partner and associate with man in his domestic life. Along with the wild ancestors of sheep, goat, and cattle, the dog also came under man's subjugation and was domesticated. It has not been possible to say whether the most ancient agriculture was operated on parallel grounds with the domestication of animals. At any rate, as is disclosed from the evidence gathered by palaeontologists and archaeologists, the dog was the earliest animal in Europe to be domesticated, being tamed in the post-glacial mesolithic times (about 8000 B.C.). From the earliest times, we see that the dog followed man in his hunting expeditions, caught scent of the game in the perilous forest tracks, near glens and caverns or cliffs, kept watch over the cattle or sheep which were often left to its care, or followed the herds and flocks to the pasturage. Thus the dog always acted as a trustee, friend, and guide; and with the springing up of villages or towns, or as final settlements were made, its life was closely knit up with that of man. Mythological accounts connected with every civilization speak of the dog, its traits, and its activities in various spheres.

In India, evidences connected with the domestication of the dog have been traced out even to the earliest days of the Harappan culture. The collections of bones as also representations rather indicate two types of dogs. Of these one is the ancestor of the modern paraiah, its pedigree being traced to the medium-sized wolf (either from Eastern Europe or Western Asia), while the other is identified with the mastiff. It is stated that the dogs were used by the Aryans for guarding their houses and also for boarhunt expeditions.[1] One of the motifs adopted for ornamentation of the ceramic wares relating to the Harappan culture was the dog. The finds collected at Adichanellur and other places in ancient South India include bronze figures of domestic animals like the dog.

From the anecdotes given in Vedic literature, it will be seen that the dog was better treated in Vedic times than by the orthodox Hindus of modern India, who regard it as unclean. In a psalm of the *Ṛgveda*, the seer seeks for refuge from the Divinity:

> Like two dogs that injure not the body,
> Like two crutches protect us against falling. (*Ṛgveda*, II. 39)

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[1] STUART PIGGOT: *Prehistoric India*.

In the *Atharva Veda,* the Gandharvas are described as a class of gods, hairy like the monkeys or dogs. The celestial dog was styled Saramā in Vedic literature. This was the *Deva Śuni,* the mother of the beasts of prey. According to the *Mahābhārata* this *Deva Śuni* is said to have acted as the police dog and gone in search of and recovered the cattle stolen by the Paṇis. In the *Ṛgveda* (x. xiv. 10), there is an allusion to a female dog belonging to Indra. This was the mother of the four-eyed brindled dogs of Yama. *Sârameya* represents a watchdog. It is said that there were two such dogs, and it is also conjectured that these may represent the Vedic gods Indra and Yama. The abode of the four-eyed dogs was hell and, according to the *Bhaviṣya Purāṇa,* the criminals assigned to this region served as their food. Their master was Yama, the Lord of Death. It may not be out of place to mention that these dogs correspond to the three-eyed (or hundred-eyed) monster Cerberus which guarded the entrance to the Hades (the zone of the departed souls) ruled over by Pluto in Greek myths. The speech of the dogs is spoken of as *Sārameyavākya.* The art of curing dogs was known as *Sārameya-cikitsā.* The *Amarakoṣa* enumerates the names of the different types of dogs referred to in Sanskrit *belles-lettres.* The household dog is *kauleyaka.* That which indulges in tasting loin bones is *kukkura* (Cf. *Malavikāgnimitra: Yasyai taccana kukkurairaharaharjanghāntaram carvyate*). The dog which bites or is rabid is styled *mṛgadaṃśaka.* A roaming cur is known as *śunaka.* That which chides or yelps is *bhaṣaka.* A hunting dog is styled *visvakadṛ.* This species keeps all animals at a distance. Angry or churlish snarling is *svānavaikhari.* A mad dog is *alarka,* to be warded off with a stick.

In *Sivatattvaratnākara,* a work assigned to the Keladi chieftain Basavaraja of Mysore, different classes of dogs are mentioned with their colours: white, red, chestnut (yellow), blue, and brindled, and it is said that these correspond to the four *varṇas,* besides mixed breeds (respectively, *Brāhmaṇa, Kṣatriya, Vaiśya, Śudra*). Though this work mentions the classes and colours, no details as to their other characteristics or features are set forth. The work also makes mention of the beliefs in certain prophetic significations of meeting with these animals while on travel or any undertaking of great importance.

According to the *Mahābhārata* (*"Ādiparva"*), Janamejaya, son of Parikṣit, undertook to conduct the *Dīrghasattra.*[2] A dog entered the sacrificial pavilion. Janamejaya's brothers Śrutasena, Ugrasena, and Bhimasena rough-handled the dog and ejected it from the precincts of the altar room. The dog in turn lodged a complaint with its mother Saramā, whereupon the latter instituted enquiries near the spot. She pleaded innocence on

[2] A long-term Soma sacrifice lasting from thirteen to a hundred days.

the part of her child and inflicted a curse on Janamejaya, saying that the merciless acts of his brothers were sure indications presaging the loss of his fortunes. With a view to avert the evil forebodings, the king arranged for the conduct of expiatory rites.

Aghorasivāchārya in his *Vighneśwarapratisṭhāvidhāna* gives a *dhyāna śloka* according to which the dog is described as the vehicle of Kṣetrapāla, a form of Bhairava, the guardian deity of fields. In a Tamil work named *Pingala Nighantu,* such forms are also mentioned.

According to the *Śiva Purāṇa,* Bhairava represents the full form of Śiva (*pūrnarūpa*). It is said that persons whose intellect is under the spell of *Māyā* (Illusion) cannot recognize the superiority of this form of worship. He is Bhairava; he is terrific (*bhīṣaṇa*), though he is the protector (*bharaṇa*). His food consists of the sins of his devotees, which he devours. As Lord of the City of Banaras, he is Kālabhairava, because even the Lord of Death becomes panic-stricken in his presence. Among the forms of Bhairava, mention is made of Vatuka Bhairava, who rides on a dog. According to Anantānandagiri, the author of *Śānkara Vijaya,* a sect of people lived in a quarter called Malla, near Ujjain, and they adored Śiva in his aspect as Mallāri. They conducted themselves as dogs after the dog vehicle of Mallāri, barking like it and putting on the appearance of the dog and adorning their necks with garlands made of shells. They believed that Mallāri was the origin of the Universe and offered worship to him as the Supreme Spirit. Śri-Śankarācharya proved to them that their appearing like dogs and barking like them and other characteristic customs were opposed to the *Śāstras* and converted them to the Brāhmanic religion.

In *Mallāri Māhātmya,* a form of Śiva is described as riding on a white horse and followed by seven dogs. This rather indicates the existence of some primitive tribe of hunters and it is possible that they possessed hounds with which they pursued their occupation. The mention in the *Taittirīya Saṃhitā* of different professional guilds including the dog-keepers (or breeders) is suggestive of the existence of kennels with packs of hounds. The *Bhairava Kalpa* describes Vatuka Bhairava as riding on a dog.

When King Daśaratha led a hunting expedition, the hounds, nets, fishermen, and archers were ready with their equipment (Canto IX of *Raghuvaṃśa*). In Bāṇabhatta's *Kādaṃbarī,* there is a description of the large-sized female hounds (*kauleya-kutumbini*) which followed the hunter, and they were adorned with ornaments which appeared like a string of "pearls" taken from elephants in rut.

On a stone inscription of the Ganga king Butuga dated A.D. 950, a fighting scene is depicted, the contesting parties being a hound and a

boar (Atakur stone inscription):

> When set on the chase, the hound, a fine beast with its short tail curled up to the hind part of its body, throws its right foreleg into the half-opened mouth of the boar and applies its wide-opened mouth with its well-formed teeth to the forehead of the boar which with its short tail turned up in anger, and its hind feet being planted in the ground and its forefeet raised up, parries the blow successfully, with the result that the *"boar and the hound"* as the inscription records *"died together."*[3]

The life of a dog (*svāvṛtti*), to which servitude is always likened, is often described or referred to in Sanskrit works. In Viśākhadatta's *Mudrā-rākṣasa,* the chamberlain says thus: "For, men of refined intellect reckon service as degrading or humiliating, being placed on a par with the life led by a dog."

In Chapter III of the *"Mahāprasthāna Parva"* of the *Mahābhārata,* there is an episode connected with a dog. King Yudhiṣṭhira, the eldest of the Pāndava brothers, was for his virtuous life offered the highest position in the celestial regions, and the Lord of the Devas, Indra, brought a chariot to take him there. The king had a faithful follower and servant in the form of a dog which signified its intention of following its master. Said Yudhiṣṭhira to Indra thus: "This dog is my eternal disciple. Let him also accompany me and, in my opinion, this is an act of mercy (compassion)."

Indra said to the king, "O King, you have attained immortality, being in all respects my equal in dignity, high position, greatness, as also attainments. By virtue of these, you have acquired all celestial comforts. Therefore, it behoves you to abandon the dog. There is no act of wickedness or cruelty in this."

The Pāndava replied: "Oh thousand-eyed Lord! It may perhaps be possible for an Ārya to commit a vicious act on a wretched person. This act may enable me to encounter or unite with Fortune. But on the other hand, I have to abandon a loyal and faithful dependant."

Indra remonstrated: "In the celestial planes there is no praise for either the mean or the low. Being snatched away by a fit of anger they destroy all acts of piety and deeds of charity. Therefore, O Dharmarāja, it would be better for you to act after proper reflection. Do give up the dog. In this act, there is no cruelty."

Yudhiṣṭhira, who was unshaken in his resolution, flatly said to the Lord of the Devas thus: "O Great Lord, the desertion of a loyal and faithful servant is considered by the wise as tantamount to a perpetual sin, being equal to Brahmanicide. Therefore, how can I at any time or

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[3] *Mysore Gazetteer,* Vol. II, Part I, pp. 273-4.

now abandon this dog which is always intent on my happiness? There can be no other worthier case than a distressed person who is loyal and imperilled, and comes emaciated and surrenders himself with a desire to regain his life. It has been my constant religious observance, not to indulge in pleasures, even at the risk of my life."

Indra then said: "When a given offering is seen by a dog, the sacrificial offering will fall down, though it is later burnt. Therefore it is justifiable for you to forsake this dog, by which act you will attain the celestial abode. After abandoning your brothers and your wedded wife Draupadi, you have attained higher planes, by virtue of your own pious acts. If you do not separate yourself from this dog, how could there be any abandonment?"

Yudhiṣṭhira replied thus to this rejoinder: "I cannot possibly make any such distinctions and live. I have to reject such distinctions, which are invidious. To create dread for one who has sought refuge, the killing of a woman, seizing away the belongings of a Brahmin, treachery or perfidy towards a friend — these four — are in my opinion identical with the desertion of a faithful attendant."

Hearing these words of Yudhiṣṭhira, Dharmarāja, the Lord who is the very embodiment of righteousness, spoke with words of affection, charming with eulogies and encomiums, thus: "O King, You are of noble descent and have distinguished yourself in all those traits (modes of life) followed by your forefathers like intellect, compassion, and tenderness towards beings. While you were staying at Dvaitavana, you were subjected to a crucial test by me, when, being parched by thirst, your brothers were turned back and killed. After deserting your brothers, Bhima and Arjuna, you instead chose to extend equality to your stepmother and preferred to save the life of her son Nakula. Thinking that this dog was your faithful follower, the seat on the celestial vehicle was given up by you. Therefore, if there should be anything in heaven, it is not equal to this follower in your consideration. You have already attained the undecaying planes with your body and accomplished the wonderful refuge."

The dog in this anecdote represents Dharma or Righteousness and appeared before Yudhiṣṭhira to test his conduct. It might be remembered that Yudhiṣṭhira was the son of Yama (the Lord of Righteousness or Dharma) and, in this anecdote, he sets up an example for others with directions not to abandon one's own duties (*Dharma*), which, if fostered, would in the long run protect him that follows them (*Dharmo rakṣati rakṣitaḥ*). When righteousness prevails, success is also achieved (*Yato dharmastato jayaḥ*).

Dattātreya, the son of the sage Atri by Anasuyā, who is considered

an incarnation of the Trinity (Brahmā, Viṣhnu, and Maheśwara) is represented in iconographs as being sorrounded by a cow with four dogs. The cow symbolizes Dharma and the dogs are indicative of the four Vedas, which disseminate knowledge from the four quarters.

The dog is also a recipient of offerings on the Hindu All Souls Day (*Mahālaya* rituals).[4] In the Rudra hymns of the *Taittirīya Saṃhitā*, mention is made of the dog and its keeper as manifestations of the Absolute to whom adoration is made.

M. V. Sridatta Sarma

CAT

Your eyes
Look strangely wise
As if they divined
Secrets unknown to mankind;
Perchance
You are in trance
And visualize
Old Egypt's burning skies
And temples where your race was once esteemed
Sacred, and dreamed
Even then
Of things beyond the ken
Of men.

Herbert Bluen

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[4] Among Iranians, the dog is considered sacred and in its presence obsequies are performed. It serves as a witness.

IRELAND'S LAUGHING BOY

[Our old friend **Mr. R. M. Fox** draws an attractive character-sketch of the late Brendan Behan, the well-loved Irish dramatist who passed away last year.—Ed.]

Brendan Behan, humanist, dramatist, and ballad-maker, who died in Dublin, as Easter approached last year, at the tragically early age of forty-eight, has left a sense of desolation in the hearts of those who knew him. In every part of the world tributes have been paid to his memory, for his plays were successful in London, on the Continent, and in America.

One of his ballads depicted Michael Collins — the military leader of Ireland's struggle for Independence — as the laughing boy. But in truth this description applies more to Brendan than to anyone else. Big, burly, youthful, curly-haired, with a head like a Roman emperor, he had a challenging air of careless gaiety. Brendan Behan will always remain a symbol of Irish youth with a spirit buoyant and indestructible. It should be remembered that out of his forty-one years he spent no less than nine in prisons and internment camps for his part in the national struggle.

When he was ten he joined Fianna Eireann — the national boy scouts founded by the Countess Markievicz — and a few years later graduated into the Irish Republican Army. It was while carrying explosives to Britain in the thirties that he was arrested. He was a lad in his teens and should never have been ordered to carry out such duties. In fact the whole campaign was soon generally recognized to be foolish and ineffectual. But this did not prevent him from getting a three-year sentence at Borstal. Later he was imprisoned in Mountjoy gaol — known grimly as the "Joy" — and in an internment camp at the Curragh.

One cannot forget those long periods of imprisonment and their effect on the spirit of a sensitive, imaginative boy with dawning powers of artistic expression. He came out of the Dublin slums, one of a large family. His father, Stephen, was, like himself, a "character," a Republican veteran who had been to prison. By trade he was a house-painter as Brendan was. Kathleen, his mother, worn by tenement life, is still gay and has sung ballads, sometimes on the Irish radio. His uncle, Peadar Kearney, had the distinction of writing "The Soldier's Song," the national anthem of Ireland. Thin-blooded intellectuals have plaintively asked why "The Soldier's Song" should continue to be the national anthem in these days of peace. They do not realize that Kearney put into that song all the noble patriotic fervour of young Ireland, which is timeless.

Brendan Behan was the living expression of that fervour, even though

in later years he often jeered cynically at the emptiness of extremist activity. His was a love-hate relation. At his funeral his guard of honour was composed of young men who had served with him in gaols and had taken part in these desperate militant operations. Each man wore on his coat the green, white, and orange emblem of the Easter Lily, which since 1916 has been the symbol of Irish Republicanism.

Never did Behan regard himself as a politician or social thinker, but he stood with James Connolly and the Labour-Republican element. He wanted an Irish Workers' Republic. This was a hazy aspiration — as all projections of future society are bound to be. When he looked at the Ireland of today, where the ambitions of those on top seemed to be bounded by the idea of small shopkeepers becoming bigger shopkeepers or politicians attending dinners of hardfaced businessmen, he must have asked himself if those nine years in prison had been worth while. Certainly he had a sense of frustration, and the uninspiring activities of the dominant interests, political and economic, contributed something to the underlying sombre feeling which one sensed even during his wildest bursts of hilarity.

As his health failed, he struggled with magnificent abandon to go on with his work and to cling to the idea of joy in life. His excesses in drink and uproarious behaviour contributed to his early death, but his illness was the main cause, and probably the seeds were sown in those cheerless years of prison life when his whole nature cried out for understanding, sympathy, and expression.

I met Brendan Behan for the last time about three weeks before his death. He was sitting on a seat just inside Dublin's Botanical Gardens and he hailed me as I went in.

Although I had never seen him look so ill, he kept up a stream of reminiscence and comment. He talked of when he was interned and how, owing to some dispute about parcels, the prisoners in the camp refused to line up to be counted. Two soldiers came into the hut where he was lying on a bunk.

"Get up!" said one, flourishing a revolver, "or I'll plug you!"

"Is it loaded?" asked Brendan, squinting at the gun, sceptically. "Show me the bullets."

The soldier emptied them out one by one in his hand.

"All right," said Behan. "I'll get up!"

There was another prisoner in the hut, he said, lying on the other bunk. They threatened him too. But he would not move.

"Plug away!" he said, turning over on his other side.

"I admired that man," said Brendan.

It was a characteristic story. Brendan could easily have made himself

the hero. But he was too honest for that.

When we came out of the gardens he held on to my arm and was obviously tired and ill. Yet when we came to a little confectioner's shop he lurched inside and emerged with a big box of chocolates which he thrust into my arms. He had been asking me about my wife, Patricia Lynch — the children's writer — who was ill. His wife, Beatrice, had illustrated a story by her. "Two distinguished invalids!" he chuckled.

"What's this for, Brendan?" I asked.

"For the mot!" he replied tersely, in the Dublin vernacular.

While he was in the shop he also bought a smaller box of chocolates for a little girl, a complete stranger, who was there with her father. Brendan was generous to everyone, especially to children.

One other memory. While we sat in the gardens, two nuns came along the path and, as they approached, Brendan called, "God bless you, sister!" They passed on, but one turned, smiled, and said "Thank you!"

I saw his play *The Hostage* at Wyndham's Theatre, playing to a crowded London audience. As I came out I heard a woman say excitedly, "I didn't understand a word of the play but I think it was marvellous!" How could people in London understand Brendan's extravaganza on the Irish struggle? But it was the humanity of the play which gripped them, a humanity that belonged to the author.

The Quare Fellow appealed both at the little Pike Theatre and in its later Abbey production. There was pity, tenderness, and humour in it. At the Pike, Brendan waved a bottle of stout and shouted his gay interruptions. But it was a play of pity and terror. He captured the grim prison atmosphere on the morning of a hanging, the brooding sense of disquiet that hangs about a prison and is relieved by an outburst of thunderous clatter the moment the hanging is over. I once experienced this in Wandeworth Prison and it amazed me that Brendan could express it so exactly and make the audience feel it too.

For the rest I see Brendan in a series of snapshots. I remember the morning when he strode into the Mid-Abbey-Street basement office of the Irish News Agency singing Irish ballads at the top of his voice, a breath of irrepressible spring, and the night when in a box at the Gaiety Theatre he stood to attention and led the singing of "The Soldier's Song." I remember, too, an evening at the Abbey Theatre when Brendan, attired unusually in evening dress, was buying drinks for a large party of friends but not drinking at all himself.

Ireland will miss Brendan Behan, with his boisterous, generous, warm-hearted humanity and that touch of genius which made him able to put all this into words.

R. M. Fox

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

INDIAN NATIONALISM AND HINDU SOCIAL REFORM *

THIS IS a well-documented study of the social-reform movements in India during the nineteenth century (including ferment and reconstruction in religion) viewed in close relation to the emergence and growth of nationalism.

The book naturally begins with the work of Rammohan Roy in the early decades of the last century in Bengal; gives vivid accounts of the reforms of Dayanand Saraswati and his followers in the Panjab, of M. G. Ranade, Telang, Chandavarkar, Tilak, and Agarkar in Maharashtra, of Subramanya Iyer, Veeresalingam Pantulu, Sir Venkataratnam Naidu, Sir T. Madhava Rao, and Raghunatha Rao in Madras, and of the later Brahmo Samaj of Keshab Chandra Sen and the Tagores in Calcutta, as well as an indication of the social work of the Adyar Theosophical Society in the uplift of the depressed classes; and ends with the new note of social service introduced by Swami Vivekananda at the turn of the century as part of spiritual nationalism.

The different streams of endeavour were gathered together into the proceedings of the National Social Conference led for long by M. G. Ranade of Maharashtra. With the formation of the National Congress at the instance of A. O. Hume and Sir William Wedderburn in 1885, interest in social and religious reform coalesced with nationalism, until in 1933 separate social-reform conferences ceased to be held.

Rammohan Roy went back to the Upaniṣads in search of Divine Unity, stimulated by Muslim and Christian monotheism and absence of idol-worship. Devendranath Tagore, the father of the poet Rabindranath, was dissatisfied with the identity formula — That Thou Art — since worship demands two persons: I and Thou. This issue between personalist and super-personalist Vedanta (corresponding to *saguṇa* and *nirguṇa brahman*) forms the dividing line between the school of Śaṅkara on the one hand and those of Rāmānuja and Madhva on the other. Keshab Chandra Sen went over to Christianity but ended by developing a New Dispensation of his own, fusing Vedanta and the gospel of Christ.

Dr. Heimsath gives a fair account of the vigorous reforming zeal of Dayanand Saraswati with his "Back to the Vedas" viewpoint. His Movement threw open the Vedic sacraments to all — women and *shudras* and untouchables. His disciples spread his teachings and established a wide network of D.A.V. Schools and *gurukuls* in the Panjab. His *Śuddhi* movement re-admitted Hindus converted to Christianity and Islam into the Hindu communion. He repudiated the innumerable subcastes of the day and recognized only the fourfold *varṇas* based on *karma* and *guṇa* (conduct and character). His work fused social and religious reform with nationalism derived from indigenous sources.

The objectives of the social reformers of those days look strange today but deleterious customs like the early marriage of girls, the prohibition of remarriage for widows, and the ban on foreign travel and on inter-dining of castes and intermarriage among them did weaken Hindu society and prevent the development of a national consciousness and social conscience.

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* *Indian Nationalism and Hindu Social Reform.* By CHARLES H. HEIMSATH. (Princeton University Press, U.S.A.; Oxford University Press, Bombay. 379 pp. 1964. Rs. 27.50)

There is a whole chapter on the agitation for the Age of Consent Bill led by Malabari.

In religion there was an appeal from externals to feeling and direct experience, prayer and devotion.

The English Utilitarians, Bentham and the Mills, and the evolutionist Herbert Spencer had great influence on Indian reformers, just as later Karl Marx became a dominant force in social and political thought.

By the turn of the century, social reform had expanded into the whole field of social security and social welfare. The Directive Principles of State Policy have enshrined them in the Constitution of 1950.

The author holds that until the formation of the all-India Congress organization in 1885, social and religious and even national ideas and sentiments were confined to regional areas. He thinks that the idea of India as a single indivisible national entity was the creation of British rule and Western ideas.

He has here to reckon with traditional ideas of Bhāratavarṣa and of the *chakravarti* ideal (*chatussāgara-paryantam* — "with the four seas as the borders") prevailing even in the days of the Buddha. Śaṅkarāchārya founded four *mutts* at the four corners of the country. Shivaji complained to Emperor Aurangzeb on behalf of all Indians and the Maratha Power (as even M. G. Ranade points out) set out to establish a State for all Hindusthan. Cultural unity was defended through political unity by the Mauryas, the Guptas, and others in their endeavour to reach the national frontiers. Today the dormant national consciousness has been stimulated by contact with Western examples but not created by them *de novo* out of nothing.

In the footnotes, the author suggests that regional pulls are stronger than integrating factors even today. This is a problem for statesmanship but there is no reason to believe that all-India nationalism will fail to rise to the occasion.

Also, he takes it for granted that Hindu nationalism, as expounded by Bipin Chandra Pal, for example, could not accommodate Muslim nationalism, and hence that Partition was inevitable. Nothing is inevitable in history. Partition came about, not on account of the shortcomings of the Vedantic culture in which Muslims could not share, but on account of extra-cultural factors like the secular communal ambitions of leaders and the encouragement they received from imperialism.

This work will remain for long a useful résumé of the nineteenth-century efforts of Indian (largely Hindu) society to remake itself, but the interpretative framework will demand rethinking by scholars and statesmen.

M. A. Venkata Rao

Vedanta Dictionary. By Ernest Wood. (Philosophical Library, New York. 225 pp. 1964. $6.00)

Professor Ernest Wood has devoted a lifetime to a study of Vedanta philosophy in the original Sanskrit. By a long stay in India and by intimate contact with indigenous scholars he has acquired a rare mastery over his subject, as can be seen by a glance at the number of works that stand to his credit, notably *The Glorious Presence*. This dictionary is an impressive publication. In addition to providing accurate information on Vedantic terms, Professor Wood has enriched his dictionary with short essays of his own wherein he brings out valuable comparisons with similar concepts in Western and other Indian systems of thought. This volume is singularly free from the usual misunderstandings one comes across when Western writers refer to Oriental ideas.

We may claim Professor Wood as three-fourths Indian in his mental composition, having adopted Indian ways

of thinking and living for many decades.

We may specially note our author's little essays on Consciousness, on *Brahman*, on *Ātman*, on the *Brahma-sūtra*, on Śrī Śaṅkarācārya, on the various *koṣas* (sheaths or bodies), etc., as illustrations of his capacity for incisive understanding of his subject. He has not only explained the Vedanta but also shown considerable insight into other systems of philosophy like the Sāṅkhya and Yoga in his comparative exposition, and more particularly into that great synthesis of Hindu spiritual experience — the *Bhagavad-Gītā*.

The Philosophical Library is to be heartily congratulated on bringing out this valuable dictionary, which can rank as an authoritative guide to a study of Indian thought.

D. GURUMURTI

Forerunners and Rivals of Christianity: From 330 B.C. to 330 A.D. By FRANCIS LEGGE. In two volumes bound as one. (University Books, New York. xxxi+462 pp. 1964. $10.00)

Between the accession of Alexander the Great and the dubious death-bed baptism into the Christian faith of the Roman Emperor, Constantine, lie six hundred years rich in speculative thinking and mystical fervour.

In the middle of this period were sown the first seeds of Christianity. Fostered in a soil of remarkable religious ferment, they contended for three centuries with numerous new and old religions in that variegated jungle of myths, cults, Mysteries, and the darkest magic that marked the Late Classical world. By rejecting much and assimilating more, they emerged as the full flower of the Catholic Church. Once established as the State Religion of the Roman Empire, it set about destroying all evidence of its origins contrary to its declared "unique revelation" and new civil status.

Thus what evidence remains of Christianity's rivals and predecessors, although scant, is important. Any work that presents such material, as this book does, from a period that saw some of the most decisive resolutions, as well as some of the most bizarre outcrops, in Western religious history, could not fail to interest.

Of use to the specialist student as a reliable reference work, this volume will not disappoint those in search of the miraculous, the fascinating, or the absurd.

From the cults of the Graeco-Egyptian divinities in Alexandria, we are led to the teachings of the Orphic and Eleusinian Mysteries, to the Jewish Essene sect, through a general background of pre-Christian Gnosticism, to its full-blown flowering in the worship of Simon the Magus.

After the first century the profusion of Gnostic sects which flourished outside of, or just inside, the Christian orthodoxy need distinguishing. This is clearly done and there are separate chapters on sects such as the peculiar "serpent-worshipping" Ophites and on the historically far more important systems, later to be pursued and hunted down as heresies, of Valentinus and Marcion.

Christianity's two serious and stubborn rivals are fully described towards the end of the work. These were: the religion of Mithras (which, in spite of the almost total destruction of its liturgical writings and much of its iconography, is very well assembled in outline here), and the strangely persistent doctrines of the Manichaeans (which were still troubling the Church Triumphant, even after more than a thousand years of burning them and their books). This last religion is well-documented and illustrated by extracts from some of its very poignant writings.

Although these two volumes of Legge were published fifty years ago, the few important finds made since (among

which the best known are those from the Dead Sea area and the Gnostic fragments known as the Gospel of St. Thomas) do not greatly alter the general picture as presented. They add little to the great wealth of source-material already so thoroughly collected and methodically set out here.

Indexed, with full footnote references, a twenty-one-page bibliography, a historical introduction, and a very useful Table of Dates by which to get one's bearings, this two-in-one volume remains a comprehensive, authoritative work. Due to the pro-Christian bias of the academic world at the time it was written, it is also a very courageous piece of scholarship.

Congratulations are due to its present "lay" publishers for their initiative and wise assessment in issuing this first reprint.

J. Mason Larkman

Exploring the Christian World Mind. By David Wesley Soper. (Vision Press Ltd., London. x+193 pp. 1964. 30*s*; Philosophical Library, New York. 1963. $5.00)

We cannot recall having read or even heard of a book quite like this. Dr. D. W. Soper is not to be confused with Dr. D. O. Soyer although he shares his forthright and engaging personality. A friendly American, he has travelled the world over to interview the leading Christians of every major denomination and in many lands, crossing in the process most of the curtains which divide the world politically and ecclesiastically, in order to report and interpret the thinking of these men as they contemplate the remainder of the twentieth century. If the interviews were as informal as the reports there must have been many hilarious moments. But with all the chaff there is much good seed. In his distinctive way Dr. Soper has been probing for answers to the big questions. He has found that although most Christian thinkers have fundamentally the same attitude to the greater issues, they hold it with a wide diversity of emphasis. Not the least interesting feature of the book is the evidence collected as to what particular theologians think about the others.

His greatest concern is for the visible unity, in thought and action, of all Christians. The evidence of these pages goes a long way to support the conviction of a recent oecumenical conference that the greater things supposed to keep Christians in their various enclaves are much fewer and less significant today than many think. Readers who belong to other faiths will not find this book easy reading. There is much of the jargon of Christian conversation that calls for interpretation. They will find much to perplex them, not least in the very concentrated statement of conclusions. Yet, perhaps, they will find in this informal presentation a glimpse of what Christianity is at, which often eludes the reader of more solemn and systematic studies.

Marcus Ward

Unity in Freedom: Reflections on the Human Family. By Augustin, Cardinal Bea. (Religious Perspectives Series, Vol. 11. Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. vi+272 pp. 1964. 25*s*.)

Man today, though desperately divided by a host of economic, racial, class, and cultural forces, is equally unprecedentedly aware of the urgent need for the unity of humankind in one family. Unity produced by fear or force is external and meaningless — "real unity among men must be a human work. It must spring from the conscious encounter of free men," says Cardinal Bea. Roman Catholic scholar and leader of the Secretariat on Christian Unity, Cardinal Bea is eminently qualified to

reflect prophetically on the contemporary trends towards unity among men, and particularly on the urgency for closer unity among the fragmented Christian community. He sees a unified Christendom as essential for that wider human unity of which the meaningful interchange of spiritual insights from different religious traditions will be an essential ingredient. The love of truth and deep charity towards one's fellow men must be the hallmarks of the spiritual interchange.

The author's discussion of the many-sided oecumenical and irenical concerns of Pope John XXIII and of his highly significant contribution to their advancement — now acknowledged to have been as important in the world at large as inside the Catholic Church itself — leads to a useful, though necessarily slightly dated, assessment of the Vatican Council. The latter's deliberations are still being watched closely by all Christians and by all in the world's other great religions who are concerned about the unity and peace of mankind, and time alone will show whether the pristine optimism about the Council will be justified by its decisions. In outlining the changes of worship and thought within contemporary Roman Catholicism, Cardinal Bea speaks of its "dynamic unity" rather optimistically, and is more realistic when discussing the scandal of Christian divisions, even extremely frank in treating of the mutual suspicions and long-standing obstacles to be broken down if ever a united Christendom is to make its contribution towards the unity of mankind (see pp. 182-209).

If the unity of all men must derive from "the inherent characteristics of men as men . . . 'natural' principles," and the unity of Christians is founded on the doctrine of the Incarnation, what is the relationship between these two unities? This is the least satisfactory part of the whole book; for while Cardinal Bea is known to be a strong believer in better relations between Catholicism and other religions, he says nothing about how Christianity can learn from other great religions in a common quest for spiritual oneness. As a Protestant who believes that world religious co-operation is as important as Christian unity for advancement towards a unified human family, I was disappointed. With this reservation, Cardinal Bea's *Unity in Freedom* is certainly a valuable book, and I especially commend Chapter 3 on "Mass Media" for its perceptive insights.

BRIAN G. COOPER

Existence and the World of Freedom. By JOHN WILD. (Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N. J.; Prentice-Hall International, London. 243 pp. 1963. 30*s*.)

Professor John Wild has obviously found his spiritual home in the phenomenological existentialist movement of recent years. He displays not merely clarity and sympathy, but an enviable conviction, often echoing phrases from his masters Husserl, Heidegger, and Sartre, yet always thinking on a serious level for himself. With an impressive fidelity to the radical empiricism of William James as an important contribution to the rich stream issuing in phenomenological existentialism, he also sees how this movement has really much in common with recent linguistic philosophy. For the concern of both is with our ordinary human life-world, not with any invisible, metaphysical world. Both identify the real world with what we normally assume to be our publicly experienced world. Yet whereas linguistic philosophy would be content to dwell on those realities which are variously functioning words, the clarification sought by phenomenological existentialism is of our felt lives of felt freedom, with their inexpugnably, however dimly, felt background of "oriented space, human time, historicity, feeling, anxiety, death, and conscience."

Sometimes Professor Wild would seem to oppose the scientific world to our human life-world:

> Feeling may be of little use in the natural sciences. But without it we would be absolutely lost in the life-world. . . . As against the objective structures of science, those of the life-world are global in character and freely constituted.

Yet surely it is our human life-world that includes both — both objective observables and thinkables, and subjective immediacies. And it is surely proper that philosophy should address itself to both, since it pertains to philosophy to think linguistically all the realities it can. But for this reason philosophy might perhaps pause a little longer before dismissing the possibility even of invisible realities. At the same time, whether or not it is true that "One tiny grain of insight is worth a hundred syllogisms," philosophy has to respect linguistically expressed thought as inseparable from its definition.

M. KAYE

Shakespeare. By PETER ALEXANDER. (Home University Library. Oxford University Press, London. 271 pp. 1964. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

Professor Peter Alexander's book on Shakespeare, published on the occasion of the dramatist's fourth birth centenary, is a fascinating survey of Shakespeare's life and work in the larger perspective of the complex age in which he lived. All the ascertainable facts about the dramatist's life, thanks to the vast scholarship which has accumulated for over three centuries, are marshalled in such a masterly manner that the whole thing reads like an absorbing story. A great gain achieved by Professor Alexander's approach (adopted also by Professor A. L. Rowse in his earlier centenary tribute to the dramatist) is the intimate knowledge we get of the Elizabethan *milieu* and the light it throws on the man and his work. In fact a new dimension is added to our knowledge of Shakespeare, so that we no longer consider Shakespeare to be one who, as the Ben Jonson tradition has it, knew "little Latin and less Greek" or who, as his first biographer, Nicholas Rowe, remarked in 1709, "lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance." The earlier part of the present volume is full of vivid glimpses of Shakespeare's background and environment, his birthplace and its neighbourhood; of fascinating accounts of the poet's family and the other notable families around; of stories of the adventurous theatrical world of those days with its acute rivalries and glories, its heartbreaks and triumphs and of the romance and tragedy that surrounded the lives of actors at a time when the stage was the centre of national recreation.

Professor Alexander's comments on the plays are lively, incisive, and illuminating. In dealing with the so-called "dark" comedies and the tragedies, the author looks with disfavour on the tendency to link these plays too much with Shakespeare's own despair and disillusion — a tendency which prompted C. J. Sisson, three decades ago, to refer to the "mythical sorrows of Shakespeare." At the same time, it must be admitted that no great work of art can be created in an emotional vacuum. When we read a work like *Hamlet* or *King Lear* it is impossible to escape the feeling that in some way these plays reveal Shakespeare's own sense of the evil and the ugliness in life. It may be just a mood or an overwhelming urge to express what he deeply felt or experienced in his own life. At the turn of the century, when the tragedies were composed, there was undoubtedly much in Shakespeare's environment that must have chilled sensitive men's hearts.

Professor Alexander has a number of

interesting and stimulating things to say about the nature and function of tragedy. Whether *katharsis* is the main function of tragedy, or whether tragedy arises from an overwhelmingly disturbing thought that even virtue is helpless against evil, or whether it is the exhibition of retribution, human or divine, or whatever other view we may take, it is clear that the paradox of tragedy, as the author has rightly pointed out, is the paradox that lies at the heart of any moral or religious response to life.

This is a book which no lover of Shakespeare would like to miss and for a book dealing with a mass of historical and biographical material, it is eminently enjoyable.

H. SUNDER RAO

From Darkness to Light: Abridged edition of the anthology by VICTOR GOLLANCZ. (Victor Gollancz Ltd., London. 352 pp. 1964. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

From Darkness to Light is an abridged edition of Victor Gollancz's anthology first published in 1956. It embodies a highly personal testimony of faith, as illustrated by passages from a wide range of religious and literary sources, including Oriental sages. It forms a veritable pilgrimage of the soul, yet one that can be shared with profit by others whose experiences have plumbed some of the depths therein echoed. The theme is in the title: from the darkness of the soul's abyss and emptiness to the blessed light of reconciliation with oneself, the divine and the created order, and the exploring of divers ways of spiritual mediation and regenerative experience. The soul's odyssey is mapped out through the four parts of this new, shorter edition.

First, that terrifying experience of "the dark night of the soul itself" — Dostoevsky's eternity of misery, and John Clare's simple but crushing, "now I only know I am, that's all" — to joy in release, and the calm of serenity, hope and on to praise itself.

> And then all her former fear falls away, and she knows clearly that she is free, and sings with joy to see herself in such serene and tranquil peace. — ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

Memorable, too, is Simone Weil's

> The virtue of hope is an orientation of the soul towards a transformation after which it will be wholly and exclusively love.

Via many poetic reflections on Nature, Gollancz then moves on "to set human freedom in the context of divinity," with the sections on "The Divine Benevolence and Compassion" and "The Glorious Liberty of the Children of God"; here the wonder of Man and his roots in divinity are the theme.

In the third part, "The Soul's Memory" and "Vision and Sacrament," Man's spiritual calling to love of the Godhead is traced with subtle delicacy of insight. "The Just Life for Man" completes the anthology, which, in this abridged form, loses none of the spiritual impact and personal relevance which won the original edition such wide acclaim. *From Darkness to Light* is a wonderful religious companion of permanent value.

BRIAN G. COOPER

Folk Tales and Fairy Stories from India. By SUDHIN N. GHOSE. Illustrations by E. CARLILE. (Thomas Yoseloff, New York and London. 146 pp. Illustrated. 1964. 18*s*.)

This is a collection of sixteen folk and fairy tales from Sanskrit, Pali, Bengali, and other Indian languages, some of which date from the age of the Buddha, some from the invasion of India by Tamerlane, while others are of more recent date. Dr. Ghose tells us in his note of Acknowledgments that the "repertory of Indian folk and fairy

stories is so vast and varied that it is impossible to make a truly representative selection within the compass of a single volume" and goes on to say that he has been guided in his choice "by the likes and dislikes of a number of eminent Indologists," whom he proceeds to name.

What is so interesting to the Western reader is the way in which familiar European motifs and *genres* keep turning up in tales told in far-away India: "The Wonderful Horse" has many variants in Europe; "The Four Fortune-Seekers" are not strangers to us; "Garib and the Forty Thieves" takes each of us back to "Ali-Baba"; "The Woodcock that Refused to be Fooled"—pointing its moral in verse—recalls Aesop; and one is tempted to wonder whether Kipling drew his inspiration for his Mowgli stories from "Lionel's Foster-Mother."

When one reads in his autobiographical sketches how Dr. Ghose, as a small lonely boy at Svenska-Bibi's shool, used to listen to the village story-tellers reciting the Puranas and of the deep impression their wisdom made on his sensitive, receptive ear, one is not surprised that he is able to recount these folk tales in such beautiful lyrical prose.

The black and white illustrations are delightful.

MABEL NANDRIS

Studies in Indian Folk Culture: Folk-songs, Folk-arts, and Folk-literature. Edited by SANKAR SEN GUPTA and K. D. UPADHYAYA. (Indian Publications, Calcutta. 189 pp. 1964. Rs. 12.00; £1 2*s.*; $5.00)

Studies in Indian Folk Culture is a collection of essays on folk songs, folk art, and folk literature. Most of these were either discussed or read at learned conferences and have been brought together in a volume to pay an affectionate tribute to the memory of that great enthusiast in folklore, Verrier Elwin.

The essays are arranged in three sections: folk song and dance, folk art and craft, and folklore and literature. There are five essays in each of the first two sections, while the third has seven.

In the first section the most interesting article is on the folk songs of Goa, and this provides a proper perspective for understanding the mercurial Goan. In another essay, Telugu folk songs are discussed but without the verve of the earlier one.

In the second section the essay "The Role of Folklore Study in [the] Museum" is pleasant reading, but most of the others are scrappy and rather pedestrian in approach. The third section appears to be richer and more substantial. Here there is an excellent article on ancient Indian folk literature. Another essay that grips the interest is the one on the folk literature of Kashmir.

In addition to these essays there is a rather naive introduction in which is discussed, *inter alia,* the importance of folklore studies. Generally speaking, the essays have a limited appeal. But even the specialist reader may feel irritated by printing mistakes, by lapses in style, and by factual inaccuracies like the one on p. 183, where Ashoka the Great has been described as reigning in 25 B.C.!

DILIP KUMAR SEN

La Fontaine: Fables. By ODETTE DE MOURGUES. (63 pp. 1963); *Voltaire: Candide.* By W. H. BARBER. (62 pp. 1963); *Camus: La Peste.* By D. R. HAGGIS. (64 pp. 1962). (Studies in French Literature, 4, 5, and 9 resp. Edited by W. G. MOORE. Edward Arnold (Publishers) Ltd., London. 6*s.* 6*d.* each)

These three volumes, each of some 60 pages, are published in a series which is equally helpful and interesting either to the student of French or to the

general reader.

Odette de Mourgues' *La Fontaine: Fables* is a sensitive, yet systematic, critical work. The reader is reminded that the fables are not independent of the antecedent French poetic tradition. The extent of La Fontaine's relation to Marot and the "*précieux*" poets is dealt with, but only to show wherein lies the originality of this unobtrusive genius. The book ends with two *explications de texte* by way of illustration.

W. H. Barber's study of *Candide* places Voltaire's masterpiece in the context of contemporary thought, and also assigns to it its place in the evolution of Voltaire's lifelong concern with the human condition, and with what sense, if any, can be made of it. Dr. Barber points out Voltaire's commitment to the belief in a rational Deity, and how "optimism" of the Leibnitzian variety is an affront not only to a Deity so conceived, but also to mankind reduced to a degrading acquiescence in its own miseries.

In his study of Camus's *La Peste* D. R. Haggis rightly emphasizes the double level of the symbolism of plague: as standing for the German invasion and occupation of France, and also as denoting a more generalized evil besetting and tormenting man. Without implying any arbitrary definition of "the novel," the author suggests that a shift of emphasis, such as is found here, from the inter-personal relations of characters to a metaphysical preoccupation with evil may well make the "philosophical" novel different in kind from the work of great novelists of the past.

COLIN SMITH

The Mystery of Physical Life. By E. GRANT WATSON. With a Preface by OWEN BARFIELD. (Abelard-Schuman, London. 156 pp. 1964. 18*s*.)

This book conveys, both overtly and otherwise, its author's unlost capacity for wonder, his understanding that there are mysteries of physical life which elude the grasp of scientific methods, and his faith in an underlying spiritual reality of which these are a reflection. At the same time, here is an objectivity and a clarity not always to be found in books in this field. Too often a muddled understanding of advanced scientific thought supports an assertion that this is in accord with the author's own brand of mysticism.

Grant Watson is a zoologist and field naturalist of knowledge and experience who has been influenced by thinkers outside the narrow scientific field, notably Jung and Goethe. He contends that to comprehend nature fully we must combine detached observation with imaginative participation. Of great value for the layman are the beautifully described and astonishing examples of plant and animal life which he gives. He quotes, also, passages from literature which show something of this imaginative perception.

There is an important omission. Some of his examples show that thread of unnecessary cruelty which many must see running through nature. Before we can accept an underlying *spiritual* reality we must achieve a new understanding of what we tend to judge in purely human terms. Grant Watson does not even mention this problem in this book, although he may have done so elsewhere.

G. H. BROWN

A Pretty Sort of Prison. By MERFYN TURNER. (Pall Mall Press, London and Dunmow. 158 pp. 1964. 25*s*.)

Merfyn Turner is no patronizing friend of prisoners. His interest in them and their welfare arose from his own experience as a prisoner of conscience during the last world war. Prison, he discovered, caused discomfort, humiliation, and degradation. It "challenged

belief in human dignity" and, far from training social misfits to cope with the problems of their lives, it made them totally dependent on authority for all their needs.

He turned his attention to the problems of his fellow prisoners; a few years later he launched Norman House, where he and his wife provided a home for homeless ex-prisoners. Now, in this book, he surveys the English prison system in all its aspects. Despite the modern prison rules, asserting that the purpose of the training and treatment of convicted prisoners shall be to encourage and assist them to lead a good and useful life, Merfyn Turner shows that, twenty years after his own experience, prison still does little to reconstruct and much to harm any but the exceptional individual. His stories of men he knows, as prison visitor and friend on discharge, reveal that in fact prison for them is a negative experience to be tolerated, that most of them leave with no desire or intention to return, but that prison has enhanced the inadequacies which led them into crime, and so back they drift. Their challenging need is for personal friendship and support. He offers this to the fortunate few who have met him. The less fortunate hundreds get themselves labelled "recidivist" and, for this, we all share the blame.

FRANK DAWTRY

Aspirations of the Common Man: A Defence of One-World in the Light of Common Man's Basic Needs. By GOVINDA CHANDRA DEV. (The University of Dacca, East Pakistan. v+ 215 pp. 1963. Rs. 6.00; 9*s*.)

This is the century of the common man, as Henry Wallace once remarked. The great majority of the people continue to live their little, dwarfed, and stunted lives simply by virtue of the fact that they do not realize the larger life to which they are heirs. The immediate task confronting us is moral purgation and spiritual regeneration. People ruled by the mood of gloom attract gloomy thoughts and dismal things. Rags, tatters, and dirt are always in the mind before being on the body. It was the inspired one, Gautama the Buddha, who said, "The mind is everything. What you think, you become." The scientific spirit should be applied, not only to the ordinary arrangement of life and leisure and the distribution of material goods, but also to the things which touch the mind and the morals of the community. This is what the author underlines when he holds here before man today the vision of a new world, a new culture, and a new life.

The aim of a man's efforts is to transform himself, his fellow-beings, and the material world, so that the spirit is unfolded in life and God becomes manifest. The divine element in man is the fundamental yearning which aspires for light, love, beauty, bliss, joy, freedom, and calm. All this goes to make an integrated personality. The book informs us about the hard facts that oppress each one of us, the ideals which ennoble us, the destiny which draws each one of us to his or her mission, and the heart-beats which respond only to genuine human contact. If we are to attain salvation, true happiness, the watertight divisions — country, community, caste, sect, and sub-sect — must go. The unity of civilization is to be sought not in uniformity but in harmony. The faith of the future is in co-operation, in tolerance, in accommodation to fellow men. The future civilization will have to rise to a universal vision of man and human life.

It is the constant effort to be first-rate in everything one attempts that conquers the heights of excellence. Professor Dev urges us to keep our courage up, keep our vision clear, and keep our balance and poise.

Professor Dev's book is both stimulating and thought-provoking. Written

with felicity and fervour, the language is simple and lucid.

It is a pity that the printing and get-up of the book are rather poor.

SURENDRANATH AGNIHOTRI

Indological Studies, Part I. By B. C. LAW. (Ganganath Jha Research Institute, Allahabad. 105 pp. Second edition, 1964. Price not mentioned)

This is a revised and enlarged edition of Dr. Law's well-known scholarly work which first appeared in 1950. Dr. Law is an acknowledged authority on the historical geography of ancient India, and the two chapters included in this book — (1) Monarchical and Non-monarchical Minor States (325 B.C. to A.D. 300), (2) Social and Economic Conditions of India from the Earliest Times Down to the Nanda Dynasty — will serve as a useful compilation of great value to researchers in Indology. The author has utilized original sources, Indian (including Brahmanical, Buddhist, and Jain texts) and foreign (Greek, Roman, Chinese, etc.), as well as the results of modern scholarship, in these succinct and dependable surveys.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

The Geet Govind. Translated from the Sanskrit by BANKEY BEHARI. (The Radha Madhav Society, Jodhpur. 88 pp. 1964. Rs. 3.50)

The translator, who is a Doctor in Theology, observes in his preface that

> the subject of this play is the Sports of the Divinity manifesting in form of Radha and Krishna. . . . The mere contemplation and recital of this song is emancipative from the tangle of rebirth. . . . The primary object of this great *kavya* is to lead the devotee into constant absorption in Sri Krishna. (pp. xiii-xiv)

The book contains the twelve song-sequences of Jayadeva in the original Sanskrit followed by a Hindi verse rendering and then by an English paraphrase in prose, which is often pedestrian, sometimes quaint, and rarely brilliant. Here is a random specimen:

> Thou of delicate jasmine waist! Thy blue lotus eyes are turned red in waiting. It behoves Thee O Sweet one! to cast an affectionate glance at Me so that My dark form be clothed in love's glory. (p. 72)

While the translation might serve as a sort of introduction to Jayadeva, it can hardly be regarded as doing justice either to his poetry or to his music.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

The Science of Divinity. By M. L. KEWALIA. (Radha Madhav Society, Jodhpur. 66 pp. 1964. Rs. 2.50)

This is only a sketchy digest of some representative pieces from the *Bhāgavata Purāṇa*, selected from each one of its twelve cantos. It is written with religious zeal and is meant for the use of devotees of Lord Krishna. The author has shown considerable skill in selecting some of the best and most representative sections from the vast ocean of the original, and his English exposition is at once lucid and edifying.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"... ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
—SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras*

T. S. Eliot has been for fifty years a controversial and major figure, as poet, critic, lecturer, and dramatist, and his death has brought out a wealth of appreciation both of his work and influence and of the man himself. Like all great persons, he had a many-sided character. Roy Perrott (*The Observer,* 10 January 1965) cites one opinion, "a man of utter simplicity," and follows it up with another diagnosis of the "complex ambiguity" of his sensibility. Of American birth, with a background of Harvard, of teaching in Continental universities, before Oxford and London, he yet appears "more English than the English." During the First World War the "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" began his reputation, first with the semi-private Bloomsbury Group of poets in rebellion against Georgian poetics, and he then came into full limelight with *The Waste Land* in 1922, with its vast impact (direct or indirect) on Anglo-American poetry. This was followed by a spate of activity, verse plays of a pioneer type, short poems, including what Cyril Conolly (*The Sunday Times,* 19 January 1965) calls his two masterpieces, *Ash Wednesday* and *Four Quartets*. Perhaps even more influential was his literary criticism, *Selected Essays* and *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism,* with an "astringent, sparkling quality." Though opinions differ as to the peak of his powers, as Philip Toynbee writes (*The Observer,* 10 January 1965), "Only a few eccentric critics would now doubt Eliot's greatness."

Of the man, his friends have given a paradoxical portrait. Here was a poet, like a well-dressed business man, with bowler and umbrella, who unassumingly carried out, in the early London years, the duties of a bank clerk, and who, when he joined the staff of Faber's (the publishers) in 1925, with a growing reputation, did not disdain taking on all the difficult, menial tasks. His colleague, Frank Morley, wrote of him (*The Bookseller,* 9 January 1965), "A willing workhorse ... to every kind of unpleasant detail. Author trouble, threats of libel, griefs and woes of all kinds ... he has had his share. He has never been above the battle."

Behind his sometimes churchwardenly air, there was a liking for rollicking and even schoolboy jokes. He had his personal tragedies, marital and of difficulties of religious faith, yet Roy Perrott quotes a psychoanalyst friend of Eliot's as saying: "Only two people have moved me quite so much on sight with their look of classic serenity and inner repose, and that was T. S. Eliot and Georges Braque, the painter." The clue is perhaps found in something Eliot himself wrote (quoted from by both Perrott and Conolly): "The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of the personality." There we have the ideal of spirituality, found in Eastern and Western mystical writings alike, and that ideal may throw light on W. H. Auden's wireless tribute (*The Listener,* 7 January 1965):

> A major poet and a good man has just died.... To me, the proof of a man's goodness is the effect he has upon others. So long as one was in Eliot's presence, one felt it was impossible to say or do anything base. Provided he does not die young before he has given the world the works that he has to give it the death of a poet is no loss. His poems are there. The death of a good man is a real and irreparable loss to all who are fortunate enough to know him.

The anniversary of Gandhi's assassination, 30 January, was the day when London and Britain paid their farewells, in the sombre glory of a State funeral, to Churchill, to them a symbol of courage and freedom. As a politician he had known all the frustrations and belittlements, as well as the triumphs, without being embittered, or without losing his impish schoolboy humour. Some have held him to be more of a romantic than a statesman, and no one would deny (himself least of all) sad errors of judgement, in some of the wartime decisions and in the case of India. But his essential indomitable quality, his noble mastery of the English language, both in writing and in oratory, had a moving force that made him "the man of the hour" in the time of need. The dynamic inspiration of his wartime broadcasts was a greater weapon, in its effect on the human soul and morale, than material means of defence, which, indeed, at the beginning of the war, were practically non-existent. The power of ideas surpasses brute force, and it is interesting that one of Churchill's sayings was: "The new empires are the empires of the mind."

Among the wealth of tributes and reminiscences in the press and elsewhere, *Peace News* (29 January 1965) publishes an imaginary interview, "A Dialogue on Power," between Gandhi and Churchill (who never met), in which the writer, endeavouring to do justice to both sides, tries to put their respective viewpoints. Gandhi is made to say that Churchill's idea of politics based on "rational calculations" is really an anachronism, a thing of the distant past. As a pioneer in non-violence, he calls for the power that is "the vindication of truth, not by the infliction of suffering on the opponent but on one's self." Churchill is imagined as pointing out that none of the prophets' and visionaries' inspiration could have endured "but for the grim resolution, the hard sense and the steadfast responsibility of the statesman that has always stood between civilized life and the barbarian at the gates."

In the dialogue they agree that they cannot agree, yet there must be a reconciliation of what is true in both viewpoints. As the *Bhagavad-Gita* says in a slightly different context, children only, and not the wise, speak of the Sankhya and Yoga doctrines as being different. This is also true of the "head" and the "heart," as of the teacher, the prophet who points out the way, and the *kshatriya*, the warrior-ruler, who fights, protects, and keeps order. They are not opposed, but complementary in the integrity of human society. Neither Gandhi nor Churchill would have claimed to be anything but far from perfect exemplars of these two fundamental types, yet they are sufficiently great for us to glimpse, beyond their now shadowy figures, the possible outlines of teachers and leaders of the future.

To celebrate "Fifty Years of Publishing Books That Matter," the publishers George Allen and Unwin Ltd., of London, have put out a small pamphlet of that name, very modestly written in view of their remarkable achievements. As earlier investigations in connection with the Net Price Agreement made clear, books cannot be classed as ordinary commercial merchandise, but "are different," being vital factors in "communication" and, still more, in the moulding of public thought and values. The firm actually had its twin roots back in the previous century, each one linked with work for adult education, and this social purpose, continually renewed and free from over-conscious didacticism, still is the keynote. For its success the firm owes much to Stanley Unwin (knighted in 1946), who took control in 1914, almost the only publisher of the time with left-wing (and pacifist) ideas. With an open mind and imagination, hard-headed perspicacity, and incredible vitality, still operating strongly in his eightieth year, he has led his team, "which from the inside has always felt

more like a large family," on from one important milestone to another. Lack of space does not allow mention of specific books, but the review columns of THE ARYAN PATH almost each month show their quality.

Readers will wish many more milestones ahead for such "*good* business."

ERRATUM

We regret that by an oversight **Shri D. M. Chitre**, translator of "Some Musings of St. Tukaram" (THE ARYAN PATH, February 1965, p. 97) was referred to as "of Poona"; he resides in Bombay.

GANDHIAN LITERATURE

ON Gandhiji's *Śrāddha* Anniversary (12 February) this year the Navajivan Trust formulated a scheme to make available some sets of Gandhian literature in English, e.g., Basic Education, Industrial Relations, Women Uplift, Religion, *Sarvodaya*, Biography, at a concession rate of Rs. 6.50 in place of Rs. 11.00 each. For details readers may write to the Navajivan Trust, P.O. Navajivan, Ahmedabad 14.

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I, L. S. Doraiswamy, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(*Sd.*) L. S. DORAISWAMY
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